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## CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK ..... 517

## EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

The Law and the Trusts..... 520  
The Democratic Programme ..... 521  
Parliaments and Peoples ..... 521  
Drafting the Arbitration Treaties.... 522  
Criticism or Gossip? ..... 523

## SPECIAL ARTICLES:

The New Britannica—I ..... 524  
News for Bibliophiles ..... 526

## CORRESPONDENCE:

Was Poe Never Ethical?..... 527  
Education in Germany ..... 527  
Shakespeare's Samphire Gatherer.... 528  
A Peace Pact ..... 528

## LITERATURE:

Foundations of the Nineteenth Century 528  
The Long Roll ..... 530  
Brother Copas ..... 531  
Out of Russia ..... 531  
The Wastrel ..... 531  
The Soul of the Indian ..... 531  
Plutarch on Education ..... 532

NOTES ..... 532

## SCIENCE:

Le Ciel et l'Atmosphère ..... 534

DRAMA ..... 535

## MUSIC:

Meln Leben ..... 536  
Mahler and His Successor ..... 537

## ART:

The Royal Academy ..... 538

## FINANCE:

After the Standard Oil Decision ..... 540

BOOKS OF THE WEEK ..... 540

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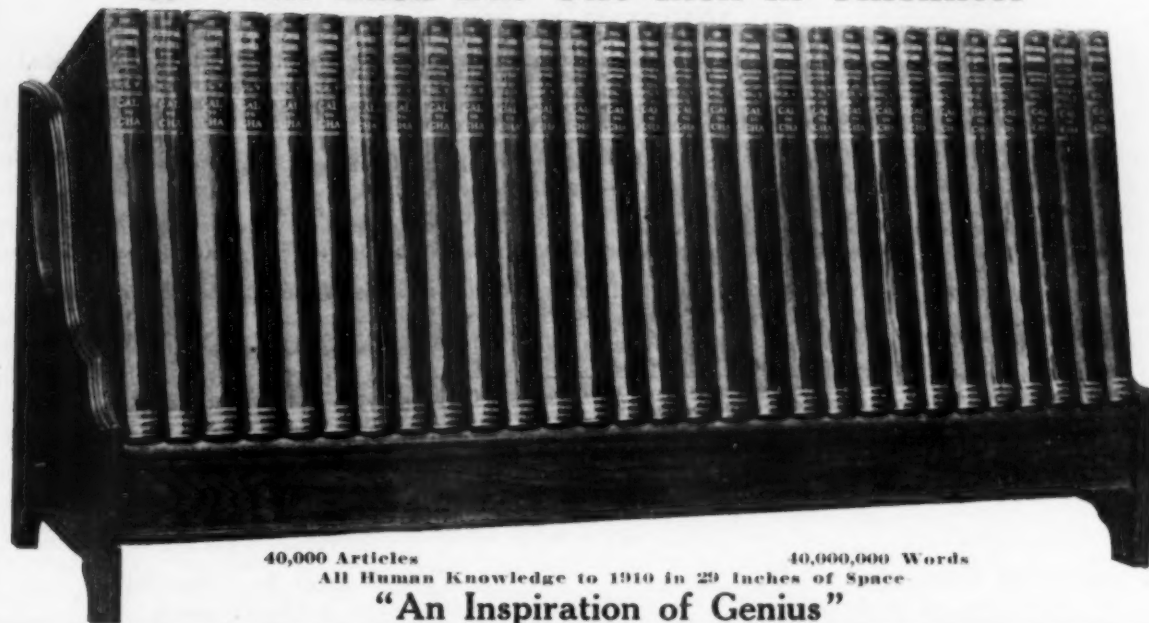
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# The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1911.

## The Week

Two years and two months after the March storm which marked a change of Republican Administrations at Washington, resolutions have made their appearance in both House and Senate providing for the submission of a Constitutional amendment making the last Thursday in April the date for future inaugurations. It is to be presumed that the framers of the resolutions have looked up the records of the weather on the proposed date, and feel as sure of escaping blizzards as of avoiding the occasional Sundays that hitherto have necessitated two ceremonies. But, while the climatic conditions that have given rise to the resolutions are the more spectacular, they are far less important than the incongruity of the meeting of an antiquated Congress after the national election, while its chosen successor, unless specially convened, waits thirteen months for its first assembling. If a serious attempt is to be made to pass the resolutions putting the inauguration forward, they should by all means be altered to include some provision for doing away with this serious defect in our governmental arrangements.

There is no longer any doubt that the Lorimer case will be reopened, nor is there much room for doubt that the investigation this time will be thoroughgoing, to whatever committee it may be entrusted. As the moral effect of the decision is fully as important as its specific result, it is desirable that no reasonable ground should be given for any cry of persecution. That is a most serious objection to Senator La Follette's resolution naming as the members of a special committee of investigation five new members of the Senate. These may all be perfectly fair-minded men; but, named under the pressure of an intense public sentiment against Lorimer, his friends would always be able to make a plausible plea that the formation of this committee was designed to be a prejudgment of his case.

The total absence of public interest in the direct-primary bills now before the

New York State Legislature is not in need of any recondite explanation. People are not interested because they long ago settled down to the conviction that no direct-primary bill worth having stood any chance of being passed by the present Legislature. The whole subject was shelved for a long time, and when it did emerge into public view Gov. Dix was found to have committed himself to a bill which contained the pleasing and original device of giving the use of the party emblem to the ticket put up by the party committee, which could thus be voted in its entirety by the making of a single mark on the ballot, while names put up by anybody else labored under great difficulties.

Profiting by the experience of New York, the lower house of the Illinois Legislature has amended the Workmen's Compensation bill by making acceptance of the provisions of the measure optional with both the employer and the employee, thereby seeking to avoid the flaws which led to the New York statute being declared unconstitutional. In its amended form the bill passed the House on Tuesday of last week by 98 to 2, and the Senate has already concurred. As in the New Jersey law, the bill fixes in detail the compensation for death or disability, the amount being governed by the employee's usual earnings. To the fund from which the awards are granted employer and employee are required to contribute. It is provided that both employer and employee shall be bound by the act unless notice is given to the contrary to the State Bureau of Statistics. The Illinois measure follows the New Jersey act also in abolishing for those employers who elect not to accept the provisions of the compensation law the defences of assumption of risk, fellow-servant, and contributory negligence; this last factor, however, may be considered by the jury for the purpose of possible reduction of damages awarded. With the failure of the Wainwright law in New York State, the attempts of other States to deal with this problem must be followed with keen interest.

The action of the Chicago City Council's Committee on Local Transportation, in placing itself on record as favoring

absolute municipal ownership of the proposed subways, with the cost of construction to be borne wholly by the city, is a striking indication of the progress made by the second city in the country in the last dozen years. The advance on the transportation side is even exceeded by that on the political. A dozen years ago, not only the city, but the State as well, was menaced by Mr. Yerkes's attempt to gain control of the surface lines for ninety-nine years without compensation to the municipality. It was not simply the attempt, but its brazen methods, that constituted the real danger; and, with a Council and a Legislature that gave every sign of merely waiting to be bought, the peril was unmistakable. It was this crisis that brought forth the Voters' League, which from its inception showed a skill and a determination that won the fear of the corrupt and corrupting forces it was born to fight. There are still in the Council men who eagerly took the wrong side in the struggle, but they no longer dominate. The American city has seemed slow in learning how to govern itself, but it gives every evidence of retaining, in respect to its streets, the lessons which have cost it so dear.

Again is the value of indictments and exposure of corruption as an influence in accelerating wished-for legislation illustrated in Ohio, in the acceptance of the Green Workmen's Compensation bill by both branches of the Legislature, and in the passage by the House of the Women's Nine-Hour Workday bill—the latter bill amended, however, to limit the hours of labor to fifty-four a week, without express stipulation that the period of daily employment shall be only nine hours. Under the provisions of the workmen's compensation measure, employers are required to contribute 90 per cent. and employees 10 per cent. of the fund which shall be used for compensation; and awards from this fund are to be made to injured workmen or to the estates of the dead by a State board. Employers may elect to act under the provisions of the Green law or not; but as in the New Jersey law recently enacted, the benefits of accepting its conditions are made greater by that section which abolishes the usual grounds of de-

fence in actions by employees for damages. These measures were the two important labor bills in the programme of Gov. Harmon, which now bids fair to have more success than seemed possible six weeks ago.

The Government's suit against the lumber combination is no sudden move, having, of course, long been in preparation; but if the President and the Attorney-General had been looking for a case calculated to draw out some of the most important specific bearings of the Supreme Court's recent deliverance on the Anti-Trust law, they could hardly have found a thing better adapted to the purpose. If we could but have at once the court's decision on this case, treated as a hypothetical question! A combination of that with the now impending decision in the Tobacco Trust case might clear up a large part of all the doubts that hang over the whole question of the practical interpretation of the law, as broadly indicated in the Standard Oil decision and the opinion read by Chief Justice White. The importance of the economic aspect of the question involved in the lumber case can hardly be overestimated. To the barriers which arrangements like those attacked by the Government in this case interpose between producer and consumer there is good reason to ascribe a notable part of the abnormal rise of prices in certain classes of commodities—especially some of the necessities of life—on which public attention was so intensely concentrated a few months ago.

A controversy as to whether five years or three years is the proper enlistment period for the army has arisen because of Representative Hays's bill to change back from three years to the longer term. Two major-generals, Wood and Ainsworth, have appeared before the House Military Affairs Committee to discuss the bill, Gen. Wood for and Gen. Ainsworth against. Curiously enough, both were originally medical men, and not professionally trained soldiers. Gen. Wood's contention is that the shorter term scatters more men of military training throughout the country, and Gen. Ainsworth thinks that it will be cheaper to have the longer term. He is unquestionably correct in this view; if the question of economy is to decide, his opinion should prevail. Against the bill

it is also argued that there will be more desertions, for it was in the hope of checking desertions that the term was originally reduced. But it has not had an appreciable effect; the percentage of desertions still runs very high, and many of them occur in the first year or so, just as there are many applications for discharge by purchase in the first two years of a recruit's service. The committee can readily obtain the figures to judge upon this point. Gen. Wood's argument would be more valuable if our army trained its men as do the Continental armies. They get their recruits all at one time, and have a regularly systematized training for one, two, and three years. We have nothing like it in our service, and there is no guarantee that when a man is discharged he is really a trained soldier, in the European sense.

Victor and vanquished are to unite in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the first battle of Bull Run. The plans are for a love feast to be attended by the Union and the Confederate survivors who took part in the battle, to be held on the field on July 21. Such a reunion is decidedly praiseworthy. In the nature of the case, the South can feel little but a melancholy interest in the "civil war day by day" feature of the newspapers, with its continual reminder of the approach, however unsteady, of Gettysburg and Appomattox. But wearers of gray as well as of blue need have no hesitation in participating in a celebration which aims to emphasize reconciliation rather than conflict, and the triumph of brotherhood rather than the winning of a military victory. For such a purpose Bull Run should seem to be well chosen. There the memories of the final losers in the struggle may be anything but gloomy as they recall what troops were those that poured across Long Bridge in panic—and that, regardless of which of the two battles on the spot they recall.

The formal opening of the New York Public Library on Tuesday suggests the way in which public spirit in an American city has to struggle to achievement through difficulties. The enormous obstacles to be overcome and the dragging out of the work beyond all estimates, might be cited for discouragement. But when we reflect that the official action

of the city in completing support of the Library and providing a fine site for it was taken under a Tammany administration—with a ruffianly Mayor in the City Hall—we ought not to despair of any movement for beautifying and enriching our municipal life. Many adverse criticisms of the architecture of the Library have been made. We fear to tread in such artistic controversies. No one, however, who has often passed by the new structure in varying conditions of light and weather can have failed to be impressed at times by the mass and gleam of its white walls. In the rosy glow of a late autumn or winter sunset, or looming through a fog, the Library has come to have a fascination for many a beholder. And what we have to consider is the softening effect of time, and also the probability—we may say the certainty—that nearly all the buildings adjoining the Library east and west and north will soon give way to new structures, making for it a more harmonious approach and setting. It will, in any case, soon acquire the advantage of being a city landmark about which kindly associations will cluster, while in its generous provision for the intellectual life civic pride will find renewed satisfactions.

In a letter to the editor of *Science*, Prof. Sidney Gunn of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology brings forward a consideration that is not without weight in favor of having university professors appointed by the president, rather than by the faculty. The president, he says, "is not, like members of the faculty, influenced by a fear of competition. It is natural that professors on whom the task of recommending appointments falls should prefer docile mediocrity to men of ability sufficient to develop into rivals for the positions they hold." He is far, however, from indicating a belief that, as a matter of fact, the power of the president over either appointments or removals has been exercised in a wholly satisfactory manner; and he speaks of removal as though it were an operation quite as normal as appointment. It is unfortunate that the importance of the life tenure of professorships, in all except highly unusual cases, should find so little theoretical recognition; for though in practice the violations of it are not very frequent, they are sufficient in number



to affect vitally the psychology of the professorial estate. Indeed, the very danger to which Professor Gunn refers would be reduced to small dimensions if professors habitually looked upon their positions as beyond the reach of attack. In a certain measure jealousy of possible superior talent might still play a part; but the deep-seated feeling of security would produce such an attitude of mind that the "fear of competition" would not influence, to the detriment of the university, any professor of ordinary integrity of character.

Washington is, we believe, the first city to avail itself of the generous offer of Julius Rosenwald of Chicago, to contribute \$25,000 toward the erection of a \$100,000 building for a Colored Young Men's Christian Association in any city which would raise the remaining \$75,000, subject only to the approval of the Chicago Association based on its judgment that the local Association was able to maintain the building. The athletic, educational, and social features of a flourishing Young Men's Christian Association, housed in a spacious, attractive, and dignified building, supply an element that is perhaps more acutely needed than any other for the development of *morale* among the colored youth of our cities, at a time that is in many ways the most critical in their lives.

The signing of the peace agreement at Juarez dispels the fond hopes of intervention which our Jingoists had built up, and confirms the three steps by which the transition from autocracy to Constitutionalism is to be effected in Mexico. The resignation of Díaz, the interim administration of De la Barra, and the holding of an election "according to the terms of the Constitution," are a direct path to what the successful revolution desires. Madero's forces have been fighting not for the procuring of new Constitutional arrangements, but only for the observance of those already long in existence. That such a course should be capable of description as "revolutionary," is an indication of the possibilities of political irony. Nevertheless, if the men who are aspiring to govern Mexico, or to help Mexico govern herself, according to the terms of the restored Constitution, succeed even moderately, revolution will hardly be too

strong a word to apply to the peaceful portion of their task.

The provision for payment of members of the House of Commons contained in Mr. Lloyd George's new budget, would in any case be a matter of prime importance; but coming instantly on top of the vote abolishing the Lords' power of veto, it assumes extraordinary significance. Radicalism in England has been going forward at an astonishing pace in the past few years. Old-age pensions, increment taxes, destruction of the power of the House of Lords, invalid and unemployment insurance—these form a series of measures of fundamental importance and far-reaching significance, which it would be difficult to match in the legislative history of any country in a time of tranquillity. Whether the people of England have themselves realized the full import of these changes may well be doubted. As for the strictly Constitutional side of the matter, the change is one that, in the nature of things, is in a manner elusive; but it is none the less profound or momentous. If the House of Lords—however it may be reformed in its composition—is to remain without any other power over legislation than that of a suspensory veto, England is on the eve of an era of democratic government far freer from checks than anything that either her history or ours has thus far presented; and the payment of members of the House of Commons would go far to wipe out what remains, after the extinction of the Lords' veto, of the distinctive characteristics of the British Constitutional system.

The toll of deaths that has been taken by the aeroplane in its initial years is, naturally enough, beyond all comparison with anything that stands to the record of the introduction of the locomotive engine; but the lamentable disaster in Paris last Sunday is a reminder of the fatal accident in England which marked the inauguration of the steam-railway era throughout the world. The jubilation of great crowds was at an even higher pitch at the ceremonial opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway on September 15, 1830, than was that of the vast assemblage at the French capital to witness the starting of the race through the air from Paris to Madrid; and every one knows how the English

event was marred by the fatal accident to one of the country's most eminent statesmen. In Huskisson's case, too, as in that of MM. Berteaux and Monis, the accident was entirely due to a failure to observe clearly necessary precautions. When a stop was made for water, Huskisson and others, though they had been instructed to the contrary, left the carriages and stood on the track; and this, through a little complication, led to his being struck by an engine. In Paris, it appears that to the Ministerial party was expressly given the "privilege" of going within the lines outside of which spectators in general were required to be—a form of mistaken kindness which, we trust, will never again be indulged in. The inherent dangers of the aeroplane are quite sufficient without adding unnecessary peril to bystanders.

A fundamental difference between East and West is made plain by the *Shanghai Mercury*. Prince Ching has once more been impeached. How serious is the nature of the charges against him may be judged by one of them, to the effect that a certain disgraced and dismissed official has appeared again in Peking with two lacs of taels, about \$200,000, as a *douceur* to the Prince, who has promised his reinstatement. This should seem to be conclusive of the Prince's fate, but, laments the *Mercury*, "in China these things are not managed as they are elsewhere. . . . In the West a man must court the utmost publicity in order to clear his name, or else be forever banished from the society of the honorable; here accusations may either be altogether ignored, or put aside with a wave of the hand." Such depth of degradation is, indeed, almost beyond realization by a Western mind. That a man in a public office of honor and trust should be able to ignore, or worse, to smile at, grave indictments of his official conduct, is nothing less than an arraignment of the people whom, in his very misconduct, he truly represents. What hope can there be for such a civilization? And, as the Shanghai journal adds, until corruption is rooted out, the innocent are bound to be suspected along with the guilty, so that it becomes difficult to believe in the integrity of any one in government employ, and "denunciations by censors may be so common as to average almost one a week." How incomprehensible those Orientals are!

## THE LAW AND THE TRUSTS.

The central point upon which the decision of the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil case turns is that such a law as the Anti-Trust act does not interpret itself, but must be interpreted by the courts in the light of reason, and with full consideration of the facts of the legal history of the past. It may be said, with perhaps equal truth, that such an enunciation of the meaning of the law as is contained in Chief Justice White's opinion does not interpret itself, and that the discovery of its full significance will appear only in the legal history of the future. It does away, for good and all, with the possibility of so understanding the law as to make every business operation a violation of it which in any possible sense may be looked upon as constituting a restraint of trade; indeed, the necessity of doing away with this possibility is insisted on, in the opinion, as an indispensable condition of making the law workable at all. It does away also with the contentions put forward in behalf of the Standard Oil Trust which would have reduced the law to a nullity. Beyond this, however, the position of the Court is indicated only in such broad and abstract terms as leave room for wide difference of opinion as to the application the Court in future cases will make of its own doctrine. That the decision, made as it was by a unanimous court, is to be followed by others, in the light of which the doubts that have so long enveloped the subject will be gradually cleared up, may be taken for granted; in the meanwhile, it is the bearing of the opinion on the broadest aspects of the question of monopoly, rather than its more specific consequences, that challenges the attention of the public.

Everything turns on the question, What is the test of "undue" or "unreasonable" restraint of trade? Are we to understand that the Court's insistence upon "the light of reason" in applying the law is equivalent simply to a vague division of Trusts into good Trusts and bad Trusts? Such seems to be the view that some inveterate opponents of anti-monopoly legislation are eager to put upon it. "The statute," we are told by one of these, "retains all its prohibitions; it arms the prosecutor and the court with all the power necessary to defend the people against monopolies

and restraints that would work to their injury." But we do not believe that the Court meant to arrogate to itself the power to determine in each instance whether a given monopoly or restraint works to the injury of the people. No such intention is to be found in the Chief Justice's opinion. While the language of that opinion is, at some crucial points, less lucid than might be desired—a circumstance that may plausibly be ascribed to the reconciliation of divergent views which was necessary to procure unanimity—yet it seems safe to understand the position of the Court to be that which was laid down in Justice Brewer's partly concurrent and partly dissenting opinion in the Northern Securities case. Unreasonableness, indeed, was of the essence of the matter, according to that opinion; but the unreasonableness was to be discovered not through a balancing of the concrete good and bad effects actually produced by the conduct of the party in question, but by the nature of his acts taken in themselves. "The ruling," said Justice Brewer, referring to preceding decisions of the Supreme Court, "should have been that the contracts there presented were in themselves unreasonable restraints of interstate trade, and therefore within the scope of the act." This is a different thing from a paternal discrimination between Trusts, according as the Court should hold that they were on the whole doing "good" to the community or the reverse.

Nor is the difference one that affects merely the subject-matter immediately concerned, large as that is. It touches the inmost nature of the functions of the judiciary. To pass upon kinds of action, determining whether they are lawful or unlawful, is an indispensable part of the work of courts, an indispensable supplement to the work of legislatures. Human affairs are too complex to permit the line between the lawful and the unlawful to be charted with such accuracy in the statutes as to leave no discretionary margin in the application; but the discretion exercised by the judge should serve to make more definite the intent of the law, not to substitute for it the preference of the Court, however benevolent. In a message to Congress last year President Taft emphatically rejected the idea of making "a distinction under which good combinations may be permitted to organize to sup-

press competition, control prices, and do it all legally, if only they do not abuse the power by taking too much profit from it out of the business"; and this general idea he doubtless had in mind when, a little further on, he declared that to put the word "reasonable" into the Anti-Trust law itself would be "to thrust upon the courts a burden that they have no precedents to enable them to carry, and to give them a power approaching the arbitrary, the abuse of which might involve our whole judicial system in disaster."

And behind all this lies an even more fundamental issue. It may be that the shrewdest and wisest men of business in the country think the growth of monopoly a good thing. It may be that skilled economists—not to be suspected of any such personal bias as would naturally affect men with large business interests—throw the weight of their authority into the scale either with the declaration that unlimited concentration of economic power is a benefit to the people, or that such concentration, whether good or bad, is inevitable, and not to be hampered without mischievous results. We do not for a moment admit such views. But if they were granted, it would still remain as true as ever that the policy of the nation in regard to monopoly must be declared by the nation, through the lawmaking power. The nation may not desire to purchase the maximum of prosperity at the cost of the extinction of competition. The nation may be willing to stake a great deal on the endeavor to maintain opportunities for individual initiative, even if the loudest of voices proclaim the fight a forlorn hope. The nation has a right to try its own experiment, however high the cost of it may be estimated by interested or disinterested advisers; it has a right to fight what it dislikes or detests, regardless of anybody's computations of the chances of victory. The Supreme Court, reading into the Anti-Trust act that concept of reasonableness which is indispensable to the rational working out of the act, is not defying the nation's will; but if it were to undertake—as some comments on the decision seem to expect—to exercise a benevolent guardianship over the nation's welfare instead of carrying out the clear purpose of the law, it would invite consequences far more serious than any of those that have so



often been pictured by alarmists as threatened by the operation of the Sherman law.

#### THE DEMOCRATIC PROGRAMME.

Reports and rumors are thick, in the dispatches from Washington, concerning the attitude and expectations of the House Democrats. It is definitely asserted, for example, that they will absolutely refuse to adjourn or even to take a recess until the Republican Senate has passed or defeated the bills which the House sends to it. What position the Senate will take, there is thus far nothing to indicate except the fact that it has been very indolent. Its committees are doing nothing, save for the hearings on Canadian reciprocity before the Finance Committee. Yet it is this very air of indifference on the part of the Senate that seems to have roused the aggressiveness of the House leaders. They will not, it is said, permit all their work cavalierly to be pigeon-holed in the Senate. Rather than submit to that, they will not consent to adjournment even if Congress sits all summer.

Now, though we may not pretend to speak with authority of Democratic plans at Washington, some things are clear from the very nature of the case. It is obvious, for example, that the legislation urged in the House is urged seriously. All of it the Democratic leaders would like to see enacted at this session of Congress if possible. And to bring that about they will do everything that can be reasonably asked of them. Yet their idea, after all, is that of constructing a concrete programme for the future. By the succession of bills which they press upon the attention of the House and the country, they aim chiefly to let the people know what sort of law-making is to be expected from the Democrats if full power is given to them. In this purpose they may be successful, whether the Senate will hear or forbear. Take, for instance, the farmer's free-list. The Senate may consider that bill. If as many Republicans voted for it, proportionately, as in the House, the Senate might even pass it. More probably, however, the Senate will seek to smother the measure in committee. But that would not be a disastrous check to the Democratic plans. It might even further them by letting the country see in the most conspicuous way that the Republicans

were not willing to lift a finger to lighten the burden of taxation.

We take it that a clear definition of party policy in such matters is all that the House Democrats would be ready to fight for stubbornly. They are ready and even anxious to see their bills made law without delay. Favorable action by the Senate on Canadian reciprocity and on the bills for the relief of farmers, for the new apportionment, for the admission of Arizona and New Mexico, for the reduction of duty on wool and woollen goods, would unquestionably please the House leaders. But they will not be wholly displeased if the Senate declines to have anything to do with the Democratic measures. Only that declination must be a matter of record. The Democrats will not rest content with seeing their special bills strangled in committee rooms. They will demand that a vote be had at least on the point of consideration. Under the Senate rules, any Senator can make the motion that a given committee be discharged from further deliberation on a given bill, and by that method the Democrats will be able to force the Republicans to take a position openly. In short, the House bills may not be passed by the Senate, but they cannot be secretly done to death. In one way or another, a test-vote will be taken.

If that is had, there is no valid reason for expecting the House to settle down to an obstinate resistance to adjournment. If the hot weather or other things soon spur the Senate into activity; if the agreement with Canada is ratified and thus the chief end of the extra session attained; and if the Senate makes it clear by deliberate vote that it will not even take up the bills passed by the House, there will be no ground for a prolonged fight over adjournment.

This is politics, but it is of the good kind. From "playing politics" in the bad sense, the House Democrats refrained, in their treatment of the reciprocity bill, so handsomely that President Taft felt moved to compliment them. Among the Democrats of the Senate, it is reported, there is an element which favors a less clean-cut method of dealing. Some Democratic Senators would attach riders to the reciprocity bill—perhaps the farmer's free-list. They would put before the President a bill containing what he wants and also what he does not want.

But we are convinced that this would be mistaken tactics, through which the country would at once see. It would be far better for Senate Democrats to imitate the House and deal with reciprocity entirely by itself. That would be a fair and honorable way of treating the matter, and would also be the shrewdest party policy.

#### PARLIAMENTS AND PEOPLES.

On both sides of the Atlantic, though for very different reasons, the question of the referendum has recently been pushed to unexpected prominence. With us this has been part of a general movement of dissatisfaction with the working of our State Legislatures; and the driving force behind the movement has been, above all, the feeling that the members of these bodies were not worthy of that trust which is reposed in the lawmaking body by the people. Such worthiness—as a general rule, of course, to which there may be many exceptions—is an essential presupposition of the institution of representative government; and it is difficult for the staunchest upholder of that institution to quarrel with a people for being restive when that presupposition is habitually and flagrantly violated, or for seeking a remedy when its patience has been tried beyond reasonable limits. Speaking for ourselves, we feel that the time has by no means come for pronouncing the case of the existing system, even as regards our State Legislatures, to be hopeless; but we are ready to say that such disclosures as those at Columbus the other day, or those at Springfield in connection with the Lorimer matter—to speak only of some of the most recent of a long line of dismal experiences—cannot go on indefinitely without producing an irresistible, and a justified, demand for some radical cure.

It cannot be too clearly understood, on the other hand, that the sudden advance of the referendum idea in England is not—as are the recent economic innovations in that country—a manifestation of radicalism, but quite the reverse. In the interesting debate on the referendum amendment proposed by the Unionists to the veto bill, Mr. Balfour insisted as strongly that he was endeavoring to conserve the ancient Constitution of England in the advocacy of the referendum as Mr. Asquith made the

same contention for his opposition to it. And there is no inherent incompatibility between the two claims. Mr. Balfour finds the limitations that in the past have vetoed the Commons' power of making profound Constitutional changes by a mere majority vote slipping away with the reduction of the House of Lords to impotence, and he desires the referendum as a substitute, in default of a better, for those ancient restraints; Mr. Asquith, on the other hand, finds in the referendum a violation of the fundamental nature of parliamentary government, and declares his immovable hostility to it on that ground. Thus, so far from basing their position on the failure of the institution of representative government, the two opposing leaders vie with each other in acclaiming its virtue and affirming its title to the loyalty of the British people; only Mr. Balfour finds its safe working bound up with an effective two-chamber system—which, if weakened, must be propped by the referendum for cases of difference between Commons and Lords—whereas Mr. Asquith holds that a powerful second chamber is the very thing to be got rid of if parliamentary government is to have a fair chance.

Not the least of the many penalties we pay for the grosser defects of our practical politics is to be found in the obstacle they present to a sober and adequate discussion of grave public questions. Upon the vital energy that the public is able to give to the consideration of political issues, there is always so heavy a mortgage in the need of fighting palpable abuses that little is left for weighing the deeper merits of political proposals. This has never, perhaps, been more distinctly illustrated than in the matter of the referendum and the recall. The people of a Tacoma or a Los Angeles point with pride to their recall of an unscrupulous Mayor, many of the best men in California look forward with joyful expectation to the prospect of being able to kick a judge off the bench when they don't like him; comparatively few persons realize that anything more is at issue than the getting rid of an individual administrative officer who has abused his opportunity, a particular set of judges who have been unfaithful to their trust. What effect upon the calibre of judges will be produced in the long run by a tenure of office such as that proposed in Arizona or

California? What kind of standards of official conduct will become established for Mayors and Governors when the likelihood of their being swept out of office by any wave of popular disapproval shall have become a familiar part of the ideas associated with their office? What will be left of the traditional concepts of parliamentary government when the acts of Legislatures have come to be regarded as merely tentative, subject to overriding by popular vote? In the centres of the referendum and recall movement, the pressure of the immediate evils against which it is directed has—naturally enough, we admit—thrown such considerations as these completely into the background.

"I believe from the bottom of my heart," said Mr. Asquith, in closing his speech, "that if you introduce this referendum, not as a rare, exceptional, possible solution of some conceivable difficulty, but as part of the regular working machinery of popular government, you are undermining the very foundations of representative government." But he did not have to contend with any assertion on the part of Mr. Balfour, or of anybody, that those foundations had already been undermined, or were being undermined, by the play of sinister influences or the growth of degenerate practices. In a State whose Legislature has come to be looked upon as hopelessly given over to the uses of corrupt corporations or to the control of sordid bosses, of what avail can it be to set up high-sounding phrases relating to the virtues of representative government in the abstract? To prove that these vices are not incurable is the one supremely necessary task for those who wish to make effectual opposition to radical changes; and there are no better friends of the Legislatures of the future than those Governors who have been goading the Legislatures of the present into paths of public duty to which they had long been strangers.

#### DRAFTING THE ARBITRATION TREATIES.

In less than four hundred words, Secretary Knox has made an admirably clear summary of the proposals submitted to the Governments of Great Britain and France as a basis for a general treaty of arbitration. The document lays stress on the one feature that has everywhere been accepted as con-

stituting the great advance over previous treaties of arbitration: the usual provision which excepts questions of vital interests and national honor is eliminated. This, however, does not mean that the contracting parties now pledge themselves beforehand to submit all future disputes to arbitration. It only means that formerly certain questions were regarded as *prima facie* unarbitrable, and that now all questions are *prima facie* arbitrable. In other words, the new agreement gives formal expression to a broadening intention of good-will. It shifts the presumption from disagreement to harmony. Where formerly it was assumed that questions were bound to arise on which a pacific agreement was impossible, to-day we are ready to assume the improbability of serious dissension, and in any case to let the future deal with its own tribulations.

We may imagine a specific case in order to illustrate the workings of the machinery which Mr. Knox's memorandum contemplates. A dispute arises between Great Britain and us over the Northwest boundary. The two Governments, through the regular diplomatic channels, endeavor to come to an agreement. They fail to do so, and recourse to arbitration is suggested. The contending parties may agree that the question in dispute is arbitrable, or one of the parties may hold that the question is not a fit subject for arbitration. In either case, the question passes into the hands of a commission of inquiry, composed of the representatives of the two nations on the Hague Tribunal. This commission of inquiry has a two-fold function: (1) In cases where both Governments are willing to arbitrate, it decides whether all diplomatic resources have been exhausted, so as to make arbitration necessary; (2) in cases where one Government opposes arbitration, the commission of inquiry decides whether the question in dispute is arbitrable; and if the commission of inquiry so decides, both Governments are bound to go before the Hague Tribunal. However, before the two Governments approach the seat of justice, they must, by treaty, agree upon the terms in which the question shall be submitted for adjudication. Such preliminary treaties of reference must, in the United States, receive the consent of the Senate. The preliminary treaty having been agreed



upon, the Hague Tribunal proceeds to make its award.

The features in which this scheme falls short of the ideal system of international justice are, of course, apparent. Sanguine friends of peace who believe that the elimination of the proviso regarding questions of vital interest and national honor would mean obligatory arbitration on all questions, will find that the change has been not to "must" but to "may," or, more correctly, to a position half-way between "may" and "must." A nation that refuses to arbitrate may be forced to arbitrate if the Commission of inquiry so decides; but since this commission is composed of the citizens only of the two parties to the controversy, the probabilities are that the Commission of Inquiry would divide on lines of nationality as so many commissions of arbitration have hopelessly done, though circumstances are conceivable where a member of the commission would take sides against his own Government. At any rate, the fact that arbitration is not completely obligatory is the first weak point that suggests itself. The second is that which makes the consent of the United States Senate necessary to a preliminary treaty of reference. On this rock many an arbitration proposal may be wrecked, especially when a Commission of Inquiry has forced arbitration upon a reluctant Government.

A closer examination, however, shows that such objections to Mr. Knox's scheme are more apparent than real. They are largely unreal, because they are directed against weaknesses inevitable in any voluntary system of arbitral justice. Thus, the composition of the Commission of Inquiry, which is to decide whether or not a nation must go to court, might be improved by making it something more than a bi-partisan board. But as long as our Constitution gives the Senate a voice in shaping our foreign relations, the Senate must intervene at some point or other in the arbitral process. In the last resort, it is the intention and not the machinery that makes arbitration possible. If the Senate so desires, it can at any time wreck the entire scheme by adopting a policy of obstruction. The question is whether the Senate will venture to do so, or will have the desire to do so, in the face of a passionate public sentiment in favor of peace.

That the proposed arbitration treaties will not give us peace by compulsion does not detract from the immense value of the achievement now apparently on the eve of consummation. In the last resort, there is no such thing as compulsory law anywhere. If I want to pay the price of murder, I can commit murder. But to have placed the cause of peace on the high and solid footing in the practical affairs of nations which the proposal of the treaty with Great Britain brought about was an inestimable service to mankind; and in bringing another great nation, France, within the scope of the same beneficent plan, Mr. Taft has further greatly added to his claim upon lasting honor and gratitude.

#### CRITICISM OR GOSSIP?

If publishers continue to have their way, the critics of the future will not lack biographical facts in the case of the writers over whom they sit in judgment. Far from needing to dig in a river-bed for a lost identity, or to play the sleuth with anonymous pages, the indications are that they will have to close their ears to a bombardment of trifles. The amount of chit-chat that publishers send out week by week is appalling. We read that one writer has been travelling in the Malay Peninsula, where the temperature in his carriage was 112 degrees; that the brother of another writer purchased by cable, without having seen it, a furnished castle; and that still another owns a dog which is fond of having its mistress read her works aloud. The publishers' purpose in unloading so much gush is obvious enough. It is the stuff that fads are made of. The custom suggests, however, a larger issue: What is its effect upon criticism, both popular and expert?

It has always been said that to be just to a work of literature, a critic should be able to put himself in the position of the writer, and should relate biography to literary expression. The fullest application of the principle that occurs to us is the great bulk of Goethe criticism. The meagrest incidents of his life have been ferreted out and are held priceless. Who suggested to Goethe the conception of "Werther," what poems were inspired by Lili Schönemann, when he last saw Lotte—all these details are accounted jewelled facts in a soul's awakening. No doubt acquaintance with biography is apt

to lend a sense of reality to the art which rests upon it. And yet there is a danger here, too. Much the larger portion of Goethe criticism is biography, and nothing else. Goethe saw a peasant girl walking across a field, her frock was open at her throat, she smiled, it was just after he had run away from Lili, he wondered at her strong ankles, the next day he started for Weimar, jotting down *en route* the poem that is thus criticised.

True criticism, we take it, should, whatever else it does, measure the work in question by the literary type to which it belongs. "Paradise Lost" can rightly be called great, not simply because it is the sincere and powerful utterance of one fighting for his religious creed, but quite as much because it embodies an almost perfect assimilation of elements as huge and diverse as those of the world of Homer or Virgil, to the literary type known as the epic. Formless as Shakespeare is, compared, say, with Racine, the demands of great tragedy as a type are well enough established to make possible, inevitable, the appraisal of "Macbeth" or "Othello" as tragedies, regardless of the question whether their author was once a youth who poached on the preserves of Sir Thomas Lucy, or was later to be a great judge with peculiar notions about the acceptance of silver plate from a defendant. One of the gravest dangers which criticism meets to-day is the tendency to evade looking a literary type in the face. It is much easier to toy with its frills and even to make one's self believe—so completely is the historical method upon us—that they are the essentials. The conditions out of which a work grew, what books the author had access to, where he got his idea—these circumstances have been magnified to ten times their real meaning. The habit has been fortified by a host of amateur critics whose interest in literature is purely antiquarian; who, however admirable their love of books may be, are not competent to deliver literary judgments.

Meanwhile, the confusion of standards goes on apace. A hopeful writer works in a coal mine for a year and puts forth a book. His publishers vouch for the experience, the public for itself senses first-hand testimony, and behold! a great realistic novel is before us. A playwright seeks the slums of Cherry Street, presents his picture; again the

credentials are examined, and he is proclaimed the Antoine of America. Where's the use in comparing his work with similar themes expressed a century or two before—conditions have changed too much for the comparison to be profitable. The truth is that, with the feeling for the controlling importance of literary types gone, the sense of emphasis has fled too. Take a play which had a successful run in New York this past season and which critics were chary about censuring—"Havoc." Its plot is fundamentally the same as that of Sardou's "Divorçons." A paramour proves to be a huge failure when he becomes husband, and the husband eminently acceptable to his former wife when he later turns lover. By every artistic precedent, "Havoc" should have been treated as a fantasy, as was "Divorçons," with a light imaginative touch. Instead of so doing, the author, seeing the possibility for tragic moments and dwelling heavily upon them, mixed types and took away from his piece all literary meaning. That a few tears fell in the audience is no argument. The author might have studied to advantage Shakespeare's conduct of another fantasy—"A Midsummer Night's Dream." He would have found that certain human beings in the play were permitted to be shadowy that they might not intrude reality upon a purely poetic conception. We see little chance for present-day criticism until the sense of literary type is recovered. Nothing, we believe, could be of greater value, to public and authors alike, than a resolute habit of classifying our countless novels and plays, etc., according to the literary types long ago built up by master hands. The danger of dogmatism—such is the confusion at present—would not arise for many a day.

#### THE NEW BRITANNICA.—I.

Never has the appearance of an encyclopædia, or indeed of any literary production, been heralded in the way in which the new Britannica\* has been announced in the United States. The American public has been overwhelmed with prospectuses and advertisements the style and manner of which have not invariably reflected credit on the University of Cambridge, under the name of whose press the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica issues. A work

has been promised incomparably superior to the old Britannica, one that would constitute a storehouse of the world's knowledge and a record of human achievement altogether unique. We have before us fourteen volumes out of the total number of twenty-eight (exclusive of the index volume), and a cursory examination shows that the new Britannica bears out the claims made for it by the publishers. They have produced a work of transcendent merit, one unapproached by any similar publication.

The last regular edition, the ninth, published by the Blacks of Edinburgh, appeared in twenty-four volumes, in the years 1875-88. The tenth edition, so-called, got up by the London *Times*, was made up of the ninth edition (unaltered) and eleven supplementary volumes. In discussing the merits of the present publication, we shall make comparisons with the ninth edition, ignoring the *Times's* supplement, which, to use the expression of Hugh Chisholm, the editor-in-chief of the work before us, was merely a "stop-gap." The lapse of three decades and a half between the publication of the first volume of an encyclopædia representing such a profitable undertaking as the Britannica and the appearance of a strictly new edition, argued a lack of enterprise and of regard for the fitness of things that was quite inexplicable. The publication of a greatly enlarged edition in such a way that the whole set could be brought out virtually at one issue without any portion being seriously antiquated, is a unique achievement in the history of the book-publishing business. The long delay that was interposed will inure to the benefit of the present generation of readers, which gets an encyclopædia entirely made over instead of one partly renovated.

The way in which the Britannica at the very high-tide of success was allowed to become thoroughly antiquated is not the only curious episode of the kind in the recent history of encyclopædia-making. Equally inexplicable was the failure to keep up the American Cyclopædia (Appleton's), a work that had deservedly become a household treasure throughout the land. It is inconceivable how a publication so firmly established in the esteem of the people of the United States and capable of being reconstructed into an encyclopædia that would have been looked upon as a sort of national institution, almost like the Britannica, should have been thrown overboard for a successor of comparatively small merit bearing the title (Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia) of the publication which had come out in 1874 to dispute the field with the American Cyclopædia. Another instance of lack of enterprise was afforded by the publishers of Chambers's Encyclopædia, who, after bringing out an admirable work in the

edition that appeared twenty years ago, failed to see their way to the publication of a first-class Anglo-American encyclopædia of moderate size for which that edition would have made an excellent foundation. The American Cyclopædia and the New International Encyclopædia, a work modelled largely on similar lines but much more comprehensive in its scope, are the only two general encyclopædias brought forth in the United States whose plan and execution have represented a serious endeavor to produce an imposing work of reference. The recently published Encyclopædia Americana, which contains about as much matter as the International, does not merit serious consideration.

Encyclopædia-making in Germany has long been at a stage that indicates a singular narrowness of vision on the part of publishers there. They appear to have no conception whatever of the possibilities open to them. Meyer and Brockhaus continue to travel along the same well-worn grooves, intent in their keen rivalry mainly on developing & outrance a rather uninspiring type of reference-book, half encyclopædia and half universal lexicon, overflowing with topics not to be found in any Anglo-Saxon encyclopædia, but almost destitute of the quality of readability. The manner of treatment is largely standardized. Much dead and useless matter is carried along and the element of picturesqueness is sacrificed. The cut-and-dried manner of presentation leads to singular flaws. Who would have thought it possible, for instance, that both in Meyer and Brockhaus, neither the name of Darwin nor the word *evolution* occurs in the article on Huxley? The tens of thousands of cross-references alone (a large proportion absolutely useless) take up so much space that the contributors in too many cases have no free hand in dealing with their topics. With respect to their comprehensiveness, we cannot, of course, deny that the German encyclopædias possess extraordinary merit. No conceivable kind of topic is permitted to escape their closely-meshed nets. They are universal question-answerers to a degree to which no encyclopædia that has ever appeared in an English-speaking country could lay claim. Yet we cannot help thinking that the German reading public would be better served if, instead of its all-embracing *Konversations-Lexikon*, it had a work constructed somewhat on the lines of the New International Encyclopædia (which contains approximately the same amount of text as Meyer or Brockhaus), whose pages are everywhere readable, and which, by husbanding its space, can afford to deal generously with many important topics but meagrely treated in the German encyclopædias. Where German enter-

\*The Encyclopædia Britannica: A Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, and General Information. Eleventh edition. Vols. I-XIV. New York: Cambridge University Press.



prise shows to great advantage is in the frequent editions (with complete resetting of the work) of such a publication as Meyer and in its magnificent pictorial and cartographic equipment, far surpassing what the new Britannica or any other encyclopædia can offer.

In addition to the functions belonging to such a work as the International, the whole of whose contents is presumed to be not above the level of the comprehension of the ordinary intelligent reader, the Britannica assumes an additional function, that of introducing the special student in any branch of science to the intricacies of his subject and of presenting to him an exposition of the development which that branch of science has attained. It thus contains a large array of weighty scientific treatises, intended for the very few. Collectively, they render it an imposing monument to the sciences, one that shows the level that each has attained. This encyclopædia is, therefore, a mirror of the world's intellectual achievements in a sense in which the ordinary encyclopædia cannot profess to be. The discharge of this function, however, entails the failure of the Britannica in some measure to meet the fundamental requirements of a popular encyclopædia. The applicant for information or the seeker after knowledge will often be turned away from its pages with his curiosity unsatisfied. Much of what the Britannica contains on physics and chemistry, for instance, will remain as heretofore a sealed book to many who come to learn out of its pages. But all this is in conformity with a deliberate plan. If the owner of the work is in quest of elementary information regarding heat, electricity, or light, for example, he will be told that the Britannica does not propose to lay before him the instruction that he can obtain from an ordinary school book. It would have been possible, perhaps, to adopt a double treatment in the case of many scientific articles, especially where mathematics enters largely into the subject, giving first a popular exposition, intelligible to the ordinary reader, and after that a full scientific compendium for the benefit of the specialist or the student who is able to follow intricate mathematical demonstrations. It is easy to see, however, that the preparation of such a composite article would in most cases not have been a very congenial task, or a very feasible one, for a scientific expounder.

The old Britannica, while it was a monumental structure, was only a half-fledged encyclopædia. The eleventh edition contains about fifty per cent. additional matter. Such a large increment, where the scale was already so generous, was deemed necessary as much in order to round out the work as to meet the demands made upon space by more than three decades of the world's pro-

gress and history. It would have been feasible by judicious excision and a more careful delimitation of spaces to avoid expansion on such a large scale without sacrificing anything of importance. We may as well be thankful, however, that there has been little condensation, for there is no more treacherous business than the condensing of articles in an encyclopædia. The most salient change is the introduction of the biographies of living people. To be compelled to pass judgment on the achievements and character of persons not yet deceased has hitherto been regarded as something not compatible with the legitimate functions of such an august publication as the Britannica. A more practical view has prevailed in the new edition, one of whose most valuable features is the collection of articles on contemporary celebrities. Nor will any part of the new matter be appreciated more highly than the biographies of the many eminent personages who adorned the period in which the ninth edition appeared or who had achieved fame long before and still survived when the work reached their names in the alphabetical arrangement.

The old Britannica was constructed in large measure on the principle of relegating the treatment of specific topics to comprehensive articles, some of them long enough to make a good-sized book. The ninth edition started out, indeed, apparently without any conception as to how far this method might legitimately be carried, for in the article Agriculture a full and practical treatise on husbandry was presented to the British public, in which the various kinds of crops and of live stock were treated individually on a very extensive scale. The corresponding article in the present edition embraces only about one-third as much text, the material being placed where it properly belongs and where the user of the encyclopædia will naturally look for it. Thus, too, the specific information regarding the various chemical elements was before largely relegated to the article Chemistry. This feature of the Britannica impaired its value as a work of reference. The defect has been remedied in the eleventh edition, whose design conforms to that of ordinary encyclopædias with respect to the accessibility of the information that it contains. At the same time, the feature of long treatises, as we have seen, has not by any means been discarded. Many subjects, indeed, are treated at inordinate length, even for such a copious encyclopædia. An illustration of this is afforded by the article Hydraulics, covering seventy-six pages, in which the discussion of special problems having no important bearing is carried too far. An innovation is the introduction of purely lexicographic matter, which, in addition to scientific and technical information, affords much antiquarian

lore culled from the most recent sources, such as the New English Dictionary.

The new Britannica can justly claim to be an Anglo-American encyclopædia, whereas the ninth edition was a British encyclopædia slightly Americanized. The article Agriculture contained no reference whatever to American conditions. The article Railway allowed barely three pages to the United States out of a total of thirty-two. In the eleventh edition, this topic, as far as economic aspects are concerned, was entrusted to the great American authority, President Hadley. In the twenty-eight-page article on Music there was no allusion to American musicians or composers. Of course, there was no blame to be attached to the editors of the old Britannica in every instance of the kind here mentioned, as they did not profess to go out of their way in order to make their work especially adapted to the American market. Their remissness with respect to the United States took the shape, however, in places of adding insult to neglect. The article Horse contained the following: "The development of speed in the trotting-horse . . . is one of the great industries of the United States of America." We wonder where the writer of the article Bison in the ninth edition got his information that the animal was sometimes ("rarely") found "to the east of the Appalachian range." The proofreaders of the old Britannica need not have been quite so ignorant of American geography as to allow "the St. Louis bridge at Cincinnati" (in the article Bridges) to pass uncorrected. But, then, we must remember that it was a fashionable error in England at the time of our civil war to believe that the Mississippi River was the boundary between the North and the South. The sins of former British encyclopædists in matters American are only on a par with those committed by such painstaking encyclopædists as the Germans. Brockhaus, in its latest edition (the fourteenth), still informs its readers that Mt. Vernon, N. Y., is the place where Washington had his country seat and where he was buried. Both Brockhaus and Meyer strive to be pretty full with respect to American biography, but neither has ever heard of Chief Justice Marshall.

In the eleventh edition of the Britannica a favored position is accorded to the United States. There is no general encyclopædia of recent date that contains such full biographies of Americans, although in the matter of inclusion the line has naturally been drawn much closer than in the International. For our part, we should have preferred to see the standard of inclusion set higher than it has been. A detailed biography of Mrs. Eaton ("Peggy O'Neill"), whose tribulations caused so much trouble in Jackson's first admin-



istration, mars a work like the Britannica. Timothy Dexter, soldier and crank, to whom nearly a column is devoted, might likewise well have been spared. The history and politics of the United States are generously dealt with, and the geography of our country leaves nothing to be desired on the score of fulness. The articles on the very small towns in the United States are even on such a scale as to disturb the symmetry of the work. Of course, in most departments the process of Americanization could by no means be carried out so effectually as in those of biography, history, and geography. In the case of a great many subjects, as, for example, legal topics, the introduction of information regarding the United States on a scale required in an American publication would have marred the articles as contributions to a British encyclopædia. That full justice is not always done to the United States even where there was nothing to prevent is exemplified in the article Aqueduct, in which there is no mention of the new aqueduct that the city of New York is constructing, which will dwarf every work of the kind, ancient or modern, into insignificance; or of the Los Angeles aqueduct, which will be by far the longest in the world. This article was contributed by several writers, and the section on modern aqueducts was assigned to a member of a firm of civil engineers in London, who shows by the amount of attention that he bestows upon iron and wooden conduits his unfitness to deal with the broad aspects of his subject—an illustration of the peculiar need of caution that should be exercised by the editor of an encyclopædia in entrusting technological articles to practical men. The article Canal does not concern itself with canals in the United States, although the Erie Canal is the longest artificial waterway in the world. The article Irrigation (13 pages) deals at length with the reclamation work prosecuted on such a vast scale by the United States government, but gives no idea of the extraordinary character of some of the engineering achievements.

A curious feature of the old Britannica was its neglect of military history. There were no articles on such subjects as the Seven Years' War or the Thirty Years' War, and famous battle-fields were for the most part omitted if the place from which the engagement took its name was in itself unimportant. There was no such caption as Dettingen or Hohenlinden, Bull Run or Chancellorsville. The Londoner whose daily walk took him past the Nelson Monument might look in vain for Trafalgar. The new Britannica devotes an amount of space to wars and battles that would make in itself a large volume on military history. We cannot help feeling, indeed, that this feature is exag-

gerated. Eighteen and a half quarto pages devoted to the Great Rebellion in England is too much even for an encyclopædia that has almost boundless space at its command. In the various ways which we have indicated and in many other respects the eleventh edition of the Britannica is an immense advance beyond the ninth. But the new work is cast in the pattern of the old and breathes the same spirit, even if in some ways a concession is made to demands hitherto regarded as too plebeian to claim recognition.

As the Britannica has always been so strong on the scientific side, while maintaining the traditions of old-time culture, one does not have to discern in the new edition any particular change of complexion that would reflect the retusion of the cult of letters by that of the arts and sciences which has characterized the world's intellectual development in the course of the last generation. A glance at the list of leading articles (with the names of the contributors) prefixed to each volume will show that the Britannica remains as much as ever a scholar's encyclopædia in the face of the innovations required to make it a practical work of reference. While pulsating with the activities of modern research, it continues to exhale the atmosphere of the old scholastic halls. Many of the fine essays written for previous editions have, as a matter of course, been retained virtually unchanged, or but slightly altered. The impressive monograph on Descartes, for example, contributed by William Wallace to the ninth edition, reappears with little change in the eleventh. So, too, Jebb's Demosthenes. Possessors of the new Britannica will enjoy reading Macaulay's life of Goldsmith, which has done such good service in previous editions and which is reproduced "slightly revised" by Austin Dobson. Dickens, who appeared for the first time in the ninth edition, has his life retold and his writings subjected to a fresh criticism by Thomas Seecombe.

LOUIS HEILPRIN.

#### NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

To the scholar and to serious readers generally, the opening, on Tuesday of this week, of the beautiful new building of the New York Public Library, was a significant event. A study of the floor plans of the building, and a journey through it, disclose at once the cheering fact that much thought and care have been spent on the needs of the research student.

A distinctive feature of the plan consists of the close relation of the book stacks to the main reading room, which is here placed directly above the stacks. This arrangement not only provides better air, and more light and quiet in the reading room, but also gives the most direct communication with the stacks. The ordinary reader will find his needs best served in this main reading

room, on the third floor, which is easily reached by passenger elevators. Here, in a noble room nearly 300 feet long by 75 feet wide, and with a seating capacity of 768, the reader will find twenty-five thousand volumes of reference books ready to hand. Here also he may have brought to him any book in the building. He may have generous space in which to use his books at the well-lighted tables, the service being as free from irksome red tape as is possible in a large library. Most readers will find such facilities all they require; but for the specialist there are rooms set apart with the various collections.

To begin with the first floor, besides a reading room for current periodicals, there is a series of rooms devoted to Technology, including patents and applied science generally. On the second floor are the collections of pure Science, including biology, astronomy, chemistry, physics, etc. These rooms are connected by book lift with the Technology rooms below, thus making any book in the collection quickly available on either floor. On the same floor with Science is a room devoted to Economics and Sociology, and connecting with this another large room for Public Documents. On this floor also are separate rooms for the Slavonic, Jewish, and Oriental collections. On the third floor are special rooms for American History, Genealogy, and Local History, Maps, Art and Architecture, and the library's fine collection of Prints. In all these rooms there are ample facilities for readers, and to assist them librarians who are specialists in their particular fields. While any one may use freely the facilities provided in the main reading room, admission to the special rooms is by ticket, which may be issued to any responsible person who, to facilitate his work, requires immediate access to books on a particular subject. For the investigator engaged in important work which requires the continuous use of a large number of volumes, further facilities are provided in six small studies on the second floor.

The key to the whole system is the admirably lighted and equipped public catalogue room on the third floor, leading directly to the main reading-room. Here are the information desk, card catalogues of all the collections in the building, together with the catalogues of the British Museum and other libraries, and such indices as are useful in bibliographical research. Here also is a complete set of the printed catalogue cards of the Library of Congress.

In the basement, on what is really the ground floor, are grouped around the Forty-second Street entrance a circulating library, a children's room, and a newspaper room. On this ground floor are commodious quarters for a library school for the training of librarians. Mr. Carnegie has just given \$15,000 a year for five years for the maintenance of this school, and its first term will open in September.

To descend to mere statistics, the new library building was opened to the public with a collection of about 1,200,000 volumes, while it has a shelf capacity for 2,500,000. There is therefore ample room for growth. The old Astor and Lenox Libraries are merged here, and their separate existence has ceased. In general it may be said that the plan of the building was conceived in the mind of the director, Dr. Billings, while

the architectural envelope was designed by Messrs. Carrère and Hastings.

## Correspondence

### WAS POE NEVER ETHICAL?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a valuable article on "Poe's Cosmopolitan Fame," in the *Century Magazine* of December, 1910, Prof. Brander Matthews says:

Poe never preached; and there is no moral purpose, explicit or implicit, to be discovered in his poetry or his fiction. . . . He had no message for mankind, but only melody for youthful melancholy. His poems and his brief tales lack not only moral purpose, but also spiritual meaning.

Thus, in effect, have said many of the many Poe critics. Thus said the critics of Poe's own day, so persistently that under pretence of satisfying them, but really to have a quiet laugh at their expense, he wrote, "Never Bet the Devil Your Head: A Story with a Moral." And therein recorded the history of Mr. Toby Dammit, who, like naughty little boys in old-fashioned Sunday School books, gave indications even in the cradle of the inherent viciousness which would bring him to a bad end.

All critics agree that Poe's pen never rambled. He never wrote one sentence or one word without design—without meaning something very definite by it. Even in his detective stories and in the tales of pseudo-science the links in the chain of evidence or of reasoning follow each other in nice and perfectly natural order. Are we, then, to conclude that in the higher field of the imagination his stories had no meaning—no object save to make the flesh creep? It is hard to believe.

To begin at the top, take "The Fall of the House of Usher." If in telling this tale, Poe had been seeking simply to produce an effect, to make an impressionistic word-picture, he would have been as careful as ever in the selection of just the right word and phrase to produce this effect, for his art was his master and would not suffer him to slouch. But could this picture have been drawn with as certain a hand if there had been behind that hand no definite thought, no deliberate meaning, no message? Would the effect of the word-picture be so vivid? Would it be so long remembered, so strongly felt at each re-reading?

I think not. And I offer the following interpretation of the parable of "The Fall of the House of Usher":

The life cloaked in egotism, turned in upon itself, feeding upon itself, existing for itself, having no touch with other lives, must come first to desolation, then to despair, finally to destruction. To my mind the House of Usher and its master, Roderick Usher, were the symbol of such a life. The peculiar atmosphere that surrounded them was the egotism in which an isolated and self-centred life is sunk. No detail of the story should be taken as meaningless, any more than the ballad of "The Haunted Palace," which Poe puts into the mouth of the master of the house himself, and which is plainly the symbol of a wrecked intellect, should be taken as meaningless. This ballad so effectively inter-

polated into the story is simply an allegory within an allegory—that is all.

Who then, was the Lady Madeline, the twin sister whose illness and evidently approaching death filled Roderick Usher with deep gloom? In the ballad of "The Haunted Palace," Usher prophesied the loss of his own mind, but in such a life as his the decay of reason would be inevitably preceded by another decay—that of the soul. As the master of the House of Usher was conscious of the approach of death of the mind, may he not have been conscious also of the more imminent death of the soul, personified by the Lady Madeline? Let us see how far this idea is borne out by what Poe (who never wastes words, be it remembered) is at pains to tell us of the lady.

In the first place, she is the "sister," the "twin sister." In the highly symbolic poem, "Ulalume," Psyche (the soul) is addressed as "sister." There is "a striking similitude between brother and sister—sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed between them"—such as exist between one's self and one's soul. We are reminded of the resemblances Poe describes in another story between "William Wilson" and his double who plainly personifies Conscience. A fleeting glimpse of the lady, as she passed through the shadows of a remote part of the room, was afforded to Roderick Usher's guest—"as Usher talked of her." The allegory here is plain. After the lady's death Usher "roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal, and objectless step—the luminousness of his eye had utterly gone out." The allegory again seems plain—the soul had gone out of him. Even in the change in his tones this is indicated. The "occasional huskiness" (characteristic of the voice of one whose emotions are deeply stirred), gave place to "a tremulous quaver"—the whimpering of one capable of no deeper feeling than self-love or self-pity.

The soul dies hard, and so it seems the Lady Madeline—though apparently dead—was only in an unusually deep, cataleptic slumber. Her brother, tortured by conscience, confesses having heard her struggles to free herself from the coffin and the vault in which he had entombed her. At the very moment of his confession (note the allegory again) she succeeds in bursting her bonds and for a moment stands before him, "lofty and enshrouded," but to totter and fall, sweeping him down with her in a terrible embrace to actual death and more—complete destruction and extinction of him and his house.

Is there no spiritual meaning in this dark allegory?

Poe sometimes deliberately takes a text and preaches a sermon, but with such art does he cover his didacticism, with such grim and splendid, such weird and barbaric colors does he decorate his pages, that the result seems merely the fantastic dream of an abnormal brain. Take, for instance, the story "Ligeia"—Poe's own favorite of all his "tales"—which has for its text this quotation from Joseph Glanvill:

And the will therein dieth not. Who knoweth the mysteries of the will, with its vigor? For God is but a great will pervading all things by nature of its intentness. Man does not yield himself to the angels, nor to death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will.

All students of Poe are familiar with the sermon he preaches from this quaint text—

a sermon upon the exercise of will in the shape of a wonder-tale, in which he makes the Lady Ligeia, whom he has presented to us as a woman of unusual intellectual vigor, and into whose mouth he has placed one of his most striking poems ("The Conqueror Worm"), actually rise from the dead through the mere force of will.

Take "The Black Cat," in which he uses for his text the transformation by alcoholism of the character of a man naturally kind and affectionate to one irritable and brutal, until he who before the changes in his nature took place would not have laid his finger on a dumb animal save to caress it, destroys, and in the most atrocious manner, first his pet cat and then his own wife. Were the consequences of intemperance ever more fearfully, more warningly, set forth?

This brings us to another favorite theme of Poe's—the mastery of conscience—strikingly illustrated in "The Tell-Tale Heart," in which the murderer hears above all other sounds the beating of the heart of the old man he has ruthlessly slain. Even after he has securely concealed the body under the planks of the floor, he hears it, until he can endure it no longer, and, terrified by the awfulness of that fancied sound, confesses his guilt.

The same theme is presented in the story of "The Man of the Crowd," who, with the secret of sin committed lying heavy on his breast, spends his days and his nights in futile effort to lose himself in street crowds. Could there be found a more vivid and forceful picture of a man convicted of wrongdoing by his own heart?

The most complete and carefully worked out of Poe's conscience stories is "William Wilson," in which Wilson's conscience appears as his double, like him in all things save in rigorous conformity to morals and duty, and in the voice—a mere whisper—with which he checks, or seeks to check, Wilson whenever he is tempted to depart from the path of virtue. The whisper is hateful to Wilson, and becomes more and more so as he deafens his ears to its warnings. Many times he seeks to hide himself from the double—many times to get beyond the sound of the hated whisper—but in vain, and finally he decides to meet the double in hand-to-hand combat and slay him outright. He succeeds, as all must who wage a sufficiently persistent warfare against conscience, but with dying breath the double addresses him thus:

You have conquered, and I yield. Yet henceforward art thou also dead—dead to the World, to Heaven, and to Hope! In me didst thou exist—and in my death, see by this image which is thine own, how utterly thou hast murdered thyself.

Is there nothing of the preacher, no moral purpose, no lesson drawn from human experience in this arraignment?

MARY NEWTON STANARD.

Richmond, Va., May 17.

### EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We all know that the present practice in education is to follow, rather than to thwart, the natural bent, and the primary interest in Professor Shorey's article on "American Scholarship" (*Nation*, May 11) lies not so much in his opinions, which are strikingly in accord with our familiar



notion of human nature, but in the theories and generalizations by which he upholds certain ideas which have already been noted and labelled in forum and mart.

His theory of an insulated national culture, for example, seems to be conceived in the spirit which has begotten the demand of "America for the Americans," for protection of home industry, and for the closed shop. It seems a tenable theory for a Grecian to hold, but there is a slightly ironic touch in his embodying it in advice to the barbarians. Does Professor Shorey really believe that Roman culture would have been better without Greek, English without French, and Japanese without Western influence? In short, that the only essential part of a garden is the fence? That belief would suggest a comparison with the idea of a tariff wall which should cause wool to grow without sheep.

As to the inferences drawn from the fact that our graduate students do not go abroad for study, is not that very like the process of reasoning which would bring us to the conclusion that we are buying the products of our American manufacturers on account of their intrinsic superiority, or our preference of shoddy to wool? Are there no students who work in the graduate departments of our universities because it is to their economic advantage to do so? If we see a man, instead of paying his passage to a foreign land, and supporting himself there at considerable expense, only to return to this country to rely largely upon his own efforts, and, perhaps, to find against him the presumption that, having seen something besides his native land, he may not prove "adaptable"—if we see him, instead of this, choosing to attend a school where his bills are paid, to a greater or less extent, and where his instructors will feel a certain obligation to find him a position in teaching after his work is done, in such a case, can we be sure that the choice proves that he is convinced of the greater value of American instruction?

The statement that German scholars do not know their own literature, is astounding; but, as it is of such a nature as not to be met effectively by a counter-generalization, which would merely raise the question of personal experience, it may be enough to note that the instances which Professor Shorey gives are curiously inconclusive. The mention of a number of dry-as-dust books does not prove that there is nothing better, and, to show the German lack of culture, he mentions only their ignorance of some English and French books. Surely, it would be somewhat difficult to substantiate so broad a charge.

The difficulties in our educational work are appalling, and Professor Shorey rightly attributes them largely to the lack of discipline in home and school, and rightly attributes the failure of our students to profit by work abroad to this lack of preparation. But this is not the fault of the German instructors, who rightly hold that certain sorts of training are the duty of home and school, and not of the university. Our own university work might be much more effective, as well as less perplexing, if we could take the same stand.

Scholarship has been suffering sadly from the causes which Professor Shorey mentions—"specialism, commercialism, democracy," not only in this country, but in Europe. It is a time for all lovers of true

learning and vital culture to help each other by every means in their power to withstand the pressure of materialism. Let us humbly recognize the need of all the help we can get, and take it wherever we can find it, and we may discover in German idealism and in the German notion of discipline forces not without value in our present emergency.

V.

Chicago, May 13.

## SHAKESPEARE'S SAMPHIRE GATHERER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the interesting passages from Goldsmith and Wordsworth, cited and compared by Prof. John L. Lowes in your issue of March 23, both those writers are shown to have adduced a line in Shakespeare to illustrate the imaginative use of the word *hang*. It is the familiar line in "Lear,"

Half-way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire.

Wordsworth's comment is: "Neither the goats [of Virgil] nor the samphire-gatherer do literally hang."

I am sorry to deprive these eminent critics of so excellent an illustration, but I fear that Goldsmith was betrayed by his imagination and Wordsworth was probably betrayed by Goldsmith; for the samphire-gatherer does literally hang. One of the most vivid recollections of my own inland childhood is that of a wood-cut in an old volume depicting one of these interesting creatures suspended on the face of a cliff by a heavy rope, pursuing his "dreadful trade." Turning now to the commentaries on the passage in "Lear," I find that George Tollet, who contributed some notes to the Johnson and Steevens edition of Shakespeare, quoted the following from Smith's "History of Waterford" (p. 315, edit. 1774):

Samphire grows in great plenty on most of the sea-cliffs in this country; it is terrible to see how people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathom from the top of the impending rocks as it were in the air.

There can scarcely be doubt that this is precisely what Shakespeare was describing; let it be remembered, too, that Edgar pretends to be looking down from the top. If any should feel sorrow at losing the imaginative element from the picture, they may console themselves with reflecting once more that Shakespeare knew just what he was talking about.

ALPHONSO G. NEWCOMER.

Stanford University, May 12.

## A PEACE PACT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with interest the letter of Mr. Edwin Ginn in the *Nation* of April 20, offering as a solution of the peace problem the proposal "to take a portion of the present armaments, say 10 per cent., and establish an international army and navy." It should seem that Mr. Ginn overlooks the fact that an army and navy without an executive behind them to determine when and how they shall be used, would be an awkward possession, and "there's the rub."

I have long had in mind to suggest to the *Nation* a solution equally simple, and one which seems to require no mechanism for its enforcement. The United States and Great Britain should propose to the civil-

ized nations of the earth a peace pact for the adoption of those nations favorably inclined to the same, providing that no one of the signatory Powers should commit an act of war against another Power without the formal issuance of a challenge to war, and then not until two years had elapsed after the date of the challenge. A second clause might provide that a nation violating the pact should be regarded as the common enemy of the signatory Powers.

RICHARD F. BURGESS.

El Paso, Texas, May 15.

## Literature

## UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

*Foundations of the Nineteenth Century.*

By Houston Stewart Chamberlain. A translation from the German by John Lees, with an introduction by Lord Redesdale. Two volumes. New York: John Lane Co. \$10 net.

Pursuers of learning's paths will be interested in the work of one who has trodden vast lengths of them, and not as a wanderer, but with mind fixed on a constant purpose. This is none other than to bring a consideration of the entire intellectual and spiritual history of man to bear upon the nineteenth century, and to use the whole contents of this armory of argument in the still unfinished warfare of light and freedom against their opposites. But before following our author's lines of militant exposition, the reviewer in the present instance pauses in order to deprecate omniscience on his own part, and to comment on the character of the book. Since it considers all matters of deep human import from the times of Moses and Homer downwards, no reviewer can have knowledge of them all, any more than the author has. And if in matters where the reviewer is informed he finds his author's statements resting more surely on temperament than on fact, how will his conscientious mind be teased at other statements which rouse his incredulity, but leave him helpless, because with regard to them he also does not know?

The author is by birth an Englishman, but educated on the Continent, and apparently in language and ways of thought and adumbration thoroughly Germanized. He would doubtless deem himself Teutonic, in that large and noble sense in which he himself uses this word; but to us he seems Teutonic rather more specifically. His energetic mind is stored with an extraordinary range of knowledge. He wrote his book in German, and according to the preface of the English translation sixty thousand copies of the German editions have been sold. This large sale doubtless is due to the striking character of the work, and to the fact that it embodies and emblazons every prejudice that makes the Teutonic bosom swell: it lives and

breathes in the conviction of the pre-excellence of the "Teutonic race"; it is fiercely anti-Semitic and anti-Roman Catholic. Indeed, it is rendered very living through its author's virile and, we may say, constructive prejudices. It is also picturesque with many a bizarre notion, and its statements clash cheerfully with the "latest results" of scholarship. Its constant emphasis and frequent extravagance lead to inconsistencies, even in the less militant portions. Yet in the exaggerated statements of a writer (this author, for example) there may be much fruitful arrest of attention, and even valid suggestion, for the reader.

The present is the child of the whole past; yet let it struggle to discard and forget aright, as touching many things which have made it what it none too fortunately is. Mr. Chamberlain's intention is to write always from the standpoint of the living present, that is, the nineteenth century; and his criterion of selection lies in the value which the elements of the past have for our own time. Throughout he loves and hates by races; and for him the past resolves itself into race struggle and race destiny. A brief presentation of our author's views may of itself suggest a sufficient criticism of them. At all events, it will be needless to discuss the frequently questionable historical allusions and minor illustrative statements.

"Our whole civilization and culture of to-day is the work of one definite race of men, the Teutonic" (Intro. lxvii; "Teutonic" here embraces "Celts and genuine Slavs"). And the turning point from which our culture and industrial civilization begin definitely to arise is the year 1200. Before it "the birth of Jesus Christ is the most important date in the whole history of mankind" (I, 5). "Of the peoples of antiquity, Hellas, Rome, Judea alone are historically important for the living consciousness of the men of the nineteenth century" (I, 8).

Mr. Chamberlain's discussion of Hellenism is not particularly edifying; his treatment of Rome, however, is more organic and convincing. He sees the Romans in the light of their chief original creation, to wit, their law; for a proper understanding of which one needs a clear conception of the Roman people and its history. The enduring power of Rome was the work of the whole people, rather than of special individuals, and was rooted in the moral strength of the Roman character. Unconquerable love of home—(c. g., resolution to stay in ruined Rome, rather than migrate to Veii), with the fixed resolve to dare and die, or conquer, for what was theirs, caused the extension of the Roman state. "If Rome wished to enjoy peace, she had to spread the work of organization and administration from one land to the other. Observe the con-

temporaries of Rome, and see what a failure those small Hellenic states were, owing to the lack of political foresight; Rome, however, had this quality as no people before or after" (I, 105). All this may be sound, though too great stress should not be laid on any chronic Roman desire for peace! The author now sets forth Rome's "struggle against the Semites," and endorses with enthusiasm her *delenda est Carthago*. The praiseworthy destruction of Semitic Carthage was subsequently made perfect in the destruction of Jerusalem:

Had it not been for this achievement (which we certainly owe as much to the Jews, who have at all times rebelled against every system of government, as to the long-suffering Romans), Christianity would hardly ever have freed itself from Judaism, but would have remained, in the first instance, a sect among sects. The might of the religious idea, however, would have prevailed in the end. . . . We should, therefore, have received a Judaism reformed by Christian influence and ruling the world (I, 118).

"Without Rome," continues the author in his argument, "it is certain that Europe would have remained a mere continuation of the Asiatic chaos. Greece always gravitated towards Asia, till Rome tore it away" (I, 121).

Mr. Chamberlain speaks most reverently of Jesus Christ, and of the effect of his life and teachings. Excellently well he says:

The human personality in the *mysterium magnum* of life, and the more a great personality is stripped by criticism of all legendary rags and tatters, . . . the more incomprehensible the mystery becomes. This indeed is the final result of the criticism to which the life of Jesus has been submitted in the nineteenth century. . . . The actual earthly life of Jesus Christ has become more and more concrete, and we have been compelled to recognize more and more distinctly that the origin of the Christian religion is fundamentally to be traced to the absolutely unexampled impression which this one personality had made and left upon those who knew Him. So it is that to-day this revelation stands before our eyes more definite, and for that very reason, more unfathomable, than ever (I, 180).

To the present reviewer, these words seem admirable; neither has he any fault to find with the exposition which follows of Christ's teachings, save that he has failed to derive very definite or novel thoughts from it. Moreover, Mr. Chamberlain has much to say about religion, and argues at great length that the Jews, instead of being a religious people, were markedly stunted in their religious growth. Jesus, however, was not a Jew—a proposition for which he adduces arguments the cogency of which may not be apparent to the previously unconvinced.

So much for the ancient elements, Hellenic, Roman, Jewish, which were to make part of the on-moving world after

the passing of that unique revealing life which drew neither blood nor inspiration from the Jewish race, and yet delivered its message through the medium of historic Jewish teachings. What next came to pass? Chaos, says Mr. Chamberlain. A chaos of peoples and principles, a hybridizing of races and a debasement of ideals. The chaos through which the Roman world passed in the early Christian centuries was due primarily to the crossing and confusion of races. The Mediterranean provinces, as well as Italy and Rome itself, "no longer were inhabited by a definite people, but by an inextricable confusion of the most different races and peoples" (I, 252). The phrase "no longer" seems questionable; for what assured knowledge has Mr. Chamberlain as to a prior time when purity of race prevailed about the Mediterranean? At all events, he now enters upon an interesting substantiation of the great fact of Race, and the actual, visible, energizing differences in capacity between one race and another. Much of the discussion is scarcely scientific; yet it makes strong appeal to our prejudices, perhaps to our profound convictions. The main conclusion—conviction rather—of our author is that the noblest races are the fruit of a limited mingling of excellent and related stocks; while the crossing of disparate and unrelated stocks results in the obliteration of the good qualities previously belonging to either of them. Race can maintain itself, and improve, only when it creates a nation, which means a race politically organized. Denationalization brings chaos. Through nationality racehood intensifies, and this is well: "The sound and normal evolution of man is not from race to racelessness, but, on the contrary, from racelessness to ever clearer distinctness of race." And from the race rises its finest quintessence, the hero, or genius (I, 296, 297). To illustrate the raceless qualities of the Roman Empire, the author gives us several keen pages upon Lucian, the "clever Syrian mestizo, a bastard born of fifty unrecorded crossings," and upon the "African mestizo," Apuleius.

Amid this raceless chaos one race preserved itself, the Jewish, a fact of never-ending portent. And hereupon for a hundred and fifty pages there follows an exposition, or exposure, of the Jewish race, its origins, characteristics, equipment and career, which goes far to account for the large sale of this work in anti-Semitic Germany. We will deny ourselves these pages, and pass on to the final and glorious theme—the Teuton. Only with his entry does history, worthy of the name, begin. From the North, the German forests, flashed a new light on the world. Not that it came with a roar or as a great wave; say, rather, as phosphorescent infiltration. But light it was, and no pall of



ignorance, ushering in any mediæval darkness. For this barbarian light-bringer was "the lawful heir of the Helene and the Roman, blood of their blood and spirit of their spirit" (I, 494). He came to conquer and destroy and make anew:

We have only one thing to regret, that the Teuton did not destroy with more thoroughness, wherever his victorious arm penetrated, and that as a consequence of his moderation the so-called "Latinizing," that is the fusion with the chaos of peoples, once more gradually robbed wide districts of the one quickening influence of pure blood and unbroken youthful vigor (I, 495).

There follow pages showing the kinship between the Celt, the German, and the Slav—all noble Teutons. Their fresh creations, their ideal types of heroism are set forth—loyalty, purity, maidenhood, victory in downfall. With enormous emphasis and much confusion, Mr. Chamberlain sketches the state-building qualities, the endeavors, and the fateful thwarted accomplishment of these wonderful Teutons. Snatching illustrations by the way, he flings himself forward and backward through the centuries. Suddenly we are brought up against the Reformation, as to which some excellent things are said:

Nowhere does the organic unity of Slavonic Germanicisms manifest itself more convincingly than in this revolt against Rome. To understand this movement from the standpoint of national psychology, one must, to begin with, pay no attention to any dogmatic disputes concerning creed (I, 512).

Then for a space the author huris himself on anthropology, upon hair-color and skull-shape, and such matters, and finds all the great men of the Italian Renaissance, from Dante onward, to have been good Germans (I, 538; II, 189-196). Against them the hosts of fell reaction are led by Ignatius Loyola, the perfect anti-Germanic type. This struggle is considered from the dual standpoint of religion and the state.

In the sphere of religion, a sharp distinction is drawn between Christ and Christian theology. The two chief pillars of the latter were the "Jewish historical and chronological faith, and Indo-European symbolical and metaphysical mythology" (II, 19). Naturally, there was strife between such fundamentally different elements. Moreover, in that chaos of peoples which filled the Apostolic and Patristic periods any real understanding of Christ was impossible (II, 21). Meanwhile, against all looser elements the tenaciousness of Judaism told; and so Jewish history became the backbone of early Christianity. At the same time, the Hellenic East entered on a losing struggle against the Roman West, and the Germanic North also entered the religious arena; still Rome, chaos of peoples as it was,

triumphed through the power of the imperial idea backed by firm organization and tradition (II, 112 ss). "Christianity as an obligatory world-religion is . . . a Roman imperial idea, not a religious one" (II, 118).

In the political and social movements filling the first twelve hundred years of the Christian era, the author perceives a struggle, which is not yet ended, between imperial Roman universalism, represented by Emperor as well as by Pope, and the insistent nationalism of the Northern peoples; he likewise sees a struggle between the papal power and the rights of secular principalities. Passing on through these turbulent matters, he reaches at last the great period from the year 1200 to the opening of the nineteenth century, in which the Teutons become the "creators of a new culture." Through these six hundred years, it is Teutonic blood that everywhere, in Italy as well as in the North, gives power and life:

The new world is specifically a Teutonic world. . . . What is not Teutonic consists either of alien elements not yet exorcised, . . . or of alien wares sailing under the Teutonic flag, and they will continue to sail thus until we send these pirate ships to the bottom. This work of Teutonism is beyond question the greatest that has hitherto been accomplished by man (II, 228).

The achievement of this mighty race is classified under Knowledge, embracing science and discoveries; Civilization, embracing industry, economics, politics, and church; and Culture, which embraces *Weltanschauung*, or the considered view of life and all its problems, philosophical, ethical, and religious, and also Art. Mr. Chamberlain discusses the reasons for his classification at some length, ending with the genial burst of applause which contemplation of Teutonic traits often draws from him. There is no need to follow his somewhat capricious sketch of "Discovery, from Marco Polo to Galvani," or of "Science, from Roger Bacon to Lavoisier." In his sketch of "Industry, from the Introduction of Paper to Watt's Steam-Engine," he comments forcibly on what the Teutons did with paper, which was introduced from foreign sources in the thirteenth century—the Teutonic use of paper, and its child the printing-press, being so marvellously different from any use to which the Arabs had applied the one or the Chinese the other. "Any one who knows the history of paper and still persists in believing in the equality of the human races is beyond all help" (II, 343).

The last section of the work, on "Art from Giotto to Goethe," may be left to German readers; but the long section (II, 389-495), just before it, on "Philosophy and Religion, from Francis of Assisi to Immanuel Kant," although bristling with odd ideas, is perhaps the best thing

in the entire work. It is a living and powerful presentation of the courses of the higher philosophic and religious thought; replete with suggestion, it is also grayed with warning, equipped with sufficient knowledge for the author's purposes, impartial never (perish the thought!), but earnest and quite honestly opinionated. Kant is the final hero, and very well worth reading is the vivid setting forth of this man and his significance. Along with Kant, another all-significant personality is Goethe, but a Goethe inoculated with Bismarck germs.

In closing, let us say, this is an able book, forcibly argumentative, learned, strong through temperament and violent conviction. We have felt obliged to treat it with kindly humor and to criticise much of it; for indeed it is open to all the winds of criticism. We recommend it to the judicious, nay, even to the injudicious, reader, who desires to have his thoughts whetted by the fortunes and achievements of men.

#### CURRENT FICTION.

*The Long Roll.* By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Her publishers announce that more than a million copies of Miss Johnston's earlier novels have been sold. No doubt they may look forward with assurance to a large sale for this book, and for any other that Miss Johnston may write. But it is to be questioned whether "The Long Roll" will help her with that romance-loving public which has rallied to her from the first. It is a civil war story, and by no means the best of the many which have been produced during the past few years.

We suppose the chances for a really big romance with this setting are improving steadily. It is beginning to be possible for us to see it all in perspective, to reconstruct a living scene out of the confused memories of the veteran who is still among us, on the one hand, and the maps and figures of the formal chronicler on the other. Miss Johnston has not made an advance in this direction. Her story ill bears comparison with such recent efforts in the same field as Mr. Cable's "Cavalier," or Mrs. Watts's "Nathan Burke." It is evident, rather painfully evident, that she has expended enormous labor upon the setting, the tactics, and the chief personalities involved in the conduct of the war by the South from Bull Run to the Wilderness. But her many elaborate descriptions of marches, skirmishes, and battles are overlaid with detail. Her pages are suitably smeared with blood, realistic details are not lacking—such as the vomiting of a coward under fire—but the effect of the whole is of an ingenuous collocation of facts rather than of a piece of life.

There are romantic elements both

major and minor in the tale. In the larger sense, Stonewall Jackson is the hero, whose portrait (romantically rendered in an apparently blue uniform with a pink war-cloud in the back ground) has the place of honor as frontispiece; and the events are synchronous with Jackson's military career. Jackson's temper was more like that of the traditional Yankee than that of the traditional Southerner. Miss Johnston, herself a Southerner, represents him as great in spite of certain characteristics upon which New England has always rather prided itself. She solves as nearly as it need be solved the mystery of his emergence from the pious martinet into the military genius. Certain personal traits and details of costume and manner are insisted upon to the point of weariness, but the portrait as a whole is impressive, as nothing else in the book is impressive. The minor romance—the "love interest"—concerns a heroine recognizable as Miss Johnston's, and a Virginian officer of the Stonewall Brigade. The latter suffers great wrong at the hands of a rival in love, and is discharged from the service in disgrace. But the experienced reader does not worry about that, and the event justifies his confidence in the clemency of the novelist.

The writer's style is here, as always, a trifle pretentious and labored. Her little fishes have a habit of talking like whales, and her whales consciously disport themselves under the limelight.

*Brother Copas.* By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

The accomplished and prolific "Q" has written many better stories than this. In fact, "Brother Copas" is hardly a story at all. It is, by the author's admission, a companion fable to "Sir John Constantine." In that book, he says,

I expressed (perhaps extravagantly) my faith in my fellows and in their capacity to treat life as a noble sport. In "Brother Copas" I try to express something of that correlative scorn which must come sooner or later to every man who puts his faith into practice. . . . I can only hope that both the faith and the scorn are sound at the core.

Now "Q" is a born spinner of yarns. If in his maturity he is impelled to moralize, well and good; but he is not a fabulist, and one must prefer his pure yarns to his parables. The story, such as it is, has a novel setting—an English "hospital" in the cathedral city of "Merchester." This is an institution established centuries ago for the maintenance of a certain number of bedesmen; "the Blanchminster brethren in black gowns with a silver cross worn at the breast, the Beauchamp Brethren in gowns of claret colour with a silver rose." The Beauchamp Brethren are "Colleagues of Noble Poverty," and socially the superiors of the "Colleagues of Christ's

Poor." Brother Copas is of the College of Noble Poverty. He is a gentleman and a scholar who has reached old age as a failure in the eye of the world, and has found refuge at "St. Hospital." His spirit is by no means broken: we are to take him for a cheerfully ironic philosopher, a profound Grecian and an ardent fisherman, pleased to observe the game of human life. The difficulty is that one does not feel at all convinced of his years. He seems merely another presentment of that witty and irresponsible young hero just now popular in fiction, invested, for the sake of piquancy, in the trappings of age. The episode in which he is involved is rather slight for so long a story. It involves also a little American-born girl, supposed daughter to one of the brothers. The British novelist's conception of the American child is always amusing, but we do not recall a more impossible little invention than this "Corona" of Mr. Quiller-Couch's. If she were double the age alleged, she might conceivably think some of the thoughts ascribed to her; but she could not conceivably express them as she does. Enough to say that "Q" has captured a few fragments of American slang and strung them upon a thread of British idiom, in the sadly familiar fashion.

*Out of Russia.* By Crittenden Marriott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Not the least of Russia's exports are its extensive contributions to the world's supply of fiction-thrills. Formerly exile and the knout were the leading staples in this industry, but more lately the magic spell is so quickly felt that a "Circle," an "Inner Brotherhood," an insignificant murder or two suffice to start the interest rolling down the well worn grooves. One of the most startling incidents in the book under consideration is the special delivery of a letter at a New York apartment house after midnight. Small wonder that the beautiful maiden who lies in wait for this letter has a breath that "whistles" through lips and nostrils. This is the starting point of the story, and it is an earnest of the marvels to follow. There are lost and stolen damsels, ocean-engulfed gold meant to have saved causes; there are Russian Imperialists and Revolutionists and, in wondrous domesticating contrast, Americans from New York and from Missouri, the latter bringing their sheaves of dialect. The letter in a drifting bottle that discloses where the ship went down with its golden cargo is the first bone of contention. Then the rescued gold itself. Then the missing heiress; and over these quests swings a complicated tissue of lost identities and substituted persons. To put a chorus girl into the rôle of a Russian princess and make a sheep ranchman hold the key to a Russian intrigue is automati-

cally suggestive of comic operetta, "at which we dedicate him."

*The Wastrel.* By A. D. H. Smith. New York: Duffield & Co.

The setting of this tale shifts, nominally, from Rhode Island to one of those little principalities in the south of Europe to which the modern romancer has now become, it seems, almost hopelessly addicted. Mr. Smith's Rhode Island is as mythical a spot as Shakespeare's Bohemia or Illyria; but what matters the tag one gives his land of fancy? The Wastrel is eminently original in one respect: he does not marry the Princess of No-matter-where, although there is one, and she is willing. This hardly seems good Americanism, but it is explained by the fact that he is himself the Prince, as well as by the girl he has left behind him in the alleged Rhode Island. The Wastrel's father, a gentleman-adventurer of experience, has done the Princess-marrying. Thereafter he has become a smuggler on the savage Rhode Island coast. Romantic absurdities, or impertinences, aside (and what is romance good for without them?), the tale is told with not a little gusto. Readers who have retained something of ingenuousness, to whom "Treasure Island" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" are honestly recalled delights, should follow the adventures of the Wastrel with satisfaction.

#### AN INTERPRETER OF INDIAN LIFE.

*The Soul of the Indian.* By Charles Alexander Eastman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1 net.

This is a book which only an Indian with an extraordinary mastery of English could have written. Dr. Eastman, as a member of the Dakota or Sioux tribe educated among Caucasians, is able to make a subjective study of his race and give it an objective interpretation. To the rarity of such a combination we may attribute most of our misunderstandings with the Indian.

Because the Indian has not enveloped his religious life in rigid forms, it is too commonly taken for granted that he has none. Against such an assumption Dr. Eastman protests. Having no written language, the Indian is without books of prayer or praise. Even spoken words he deems unworthy of use in approaching a deity who can look into his heart and note its aspirations. With the white teacher's assurance that God is everywhere he agrees, but carries this idea to its logical conclusion, that the divine essence pervades every object in nature—the clouds, the mountains, the forest, the sea, the wind, the animal creation. Even a wild beast whose body will furnish food he does not kill wantonly, but only in response to a need of the hour; and he then supposes it to



yield up its life for his sustenance as one brother is not unwilling to die for another. His so-called worship of the sun is symbolic rather than real: in his conception of the origin of things, the sun is the father and the earth the mother of all life, though each represents only a principle through which the all-pervasive soul of deity reveals itself.

We are reminded, moreover, that the Indian's code of ethics has a great deal to commend it. No race were ever less quarrelsome than his. Till alien invaders of their country had debauched them with exotic vices, self-indulgence was frowned upon, and a temperate life respected as the only sure road to heroism; violence was rare, and, when committed in the heat of anger, was voluntarily atoned; theft and lying were so infrequent as to brand the offender with disgrace; a gentle manner and low voice were the rule in social intercourse; and speech of any sort was sparingly employed, on the theory that silence is the sign of a perfect poise of body, mind, and spirit.

The reader of Dr. Eastman's book must, of course, not lose sight of the fact that an Indian naturally inclines to set forth his people's ideals rather than their practice; and that the great native family from which Dr. Eastman is sprung is only one of several stocks which vary as much in temperament, habits, and modes of thought as do the Corsican and the Dane. Nevertheless, this little volume is of real value as a contribution to the better general understanding of the red race by the white. Not the least of its charms is its brevity, while its missionary usefulness will be much enhanced by the fact that it can be read at a single sitting and digested and assimilated at leisure. In places it is eloquent; and no passage is more characteristic than that in which this civilized and Christianized Indian measures the changes which have come over his own life, and those foreshadowed for his people:

Long before I ever heard of Christ, or saw a white man, I had learned from an untutored woman the essence of morality. With the help of dear Nature herself, she taught me things simple but of mighty import. I knew God. I perceived what goodness is. I saw and loved what is really beautiful. Civilization has not taught me anything better.

As a child, I understood how to give; I have forgotten that grace since I became civilized. I lived the natural life, whereas I now live the artificial. Any pretty pebble was valuable to me then; every growing tree an object of reverence. Now I worship with the white man before a painted landscape whose value is estimated in dollars! Thus the Indian is reconstructed, as the natural rocks are ground to powder, and made into artificial blocks which may be built into the walls of modern society.

There is a slender strain of Oriental

mysticism running through the later pages of the book which will detract somewhat from its claim to authenticity in the minds of many readers. It would have done no harm to omit the concluding chapter on The Border-Land of Spirits.

*Plutarch on Education.* By Charles William Super, Ph.D., LL.D. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. \$1.

"The careful student of Greek literature and history," says Dr Super, "can hardly resist the conviction that the Greek people were incapable of taking the world seriously. . . . They lacked moral earnestness. This statement needs some qualification, for Socrates was an earnest man. Yet even he, if he has been correctly reported, constantly indulged in irony." To read Plutarch's miscellaneous essays is to obtain a view of the Greek genius more sympathetic with modern pedagogy. They drip with moral earnestness, and the intentionally amusing does not occur. Yet even with him, Dr. Super is not quite content; for, with all his concern for conduct, Plutarch does not manfully face the fact that "polytheism rests on an entirely erroneous conception of the universe." Similarly Lady Ambrose in "The New Republic," on hearing with surprise that Socrates and his friends were obliged to ask what justice was, reminded herself that they were all heathens. But apart from his theological errors Plutarch is an educator of the new school. He very properly begins the education of the child before his birth, he is as urgent as Rousseau that it shall be nourished by its mother's milk, and when it comes to receive formal instruction he is very strong on questions of method and on the utilitarian end of education, but has almost as little to say as the circular of a training-school for teachers of what is there naively termed "subject-matter." It is true that Plutarch's utilitarian end is to make the pupil a good man rather than a money-maker, but that may be considered part of the sentimental view of life that passed away with polytheism. With the mere substitution of "efficiency" for Plutarch's *kalokagathia*, it would be easy to find in him a finely modern disparagement of the merely ornamental, of style and taste, in a word of a classical education. It is but fair to say that Dr. Super does not make this substitution. In his introduction to a translation of three of Plutarch's essays that touch on education, he seems to think, though with many misgivings, that on the whole, the Greeks were right.

The three essays themselves are "On the Education of Boys," "How a Young Man Should Listen to (Read) Poetry," and "How to Listen." The technical meaning of *akouein*, as used in the

title of the third essay, where it does unquestionably mean to hear lectures, has misled Dr. Super into translating the title of the second essay by "How to Hear Lectures on Poetry." It is well-known that to the ancients reading generally meant reading aloud. Not only in the age of the rhapsodes but in that of the sophists the usual way of making Homer's acquaintance was to hear him recited or read aloud, and if we did not know this otherwise, it would be clear from Plutarch's essay. It is a droll essay, occupied with minimizing the evil results of what cannot be altogether prevented: "As it is perhaps not possible nor profitable to keep young men of the age of my Soclarus or of your Cleander from reading poetry, we should at least recognize the fact that they need a guide in their reading more than they do in their walks." He goes on to develop in a highly diluted form the famous Platonic anti-poetic doctrine, enriching it with many gems of exegesis. The third paper deals chiefly with the function of the auditor in the lecture-room and abounds in pictures of that ancient university life which is so amusingly modern. The author might be discouraged if he entered a classroom to-day to find that after two thousand years there is still need for his remark that "not only a scowling look and forbidding mien, a rolling of the eyes and a swaying to and fro of the body and a crossing of the thighs are in bad taste, but a nod or a whisper to our neighbor, a smile or a sleepy yawn or a dejected look is equally so."

Dr. Super's translation seems to be trustworthy in the main, but it is disfigured by careless slips which make nonsense here and there. The proof-reading also was neglected, so that the father of prose style appears as "Georgias," and the Attic model occurs once as "Lysis" and once as "Lycias." The little list of books suggested stops with Capes instead of including Walden's "Universities of Ancient Greece," a work which has superseded its predecessors.

## Notes

The Putnams announce: "Aspects of Religious Belief and Practice in Babylonia and Assyria," by Dr. Morris Jastrow, and "The Story of Quamin," by Mary Drummond.

On Saturday Henry Holt & Co. will issue: "The Stability of Truth," by President David Starr Jordan, and the first ten volumes of the Home University Library.

Senator Shelby M. Cullom will publish in the autumn through A. C. McClurg & Co. a volume of recollections.

Little, Brown & Co. have in hand Annie Payson Call's "Brain Power for Business Men."

The libretto written by Brian Hooker for

Professor Parker's new opera, "Mona," will be brought out in June by Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Toy Dogs and Their Ancestors," by Mrs. Neville Lytton, and Gertrude Page's "Winding Paths" are in the list of the Appletons' announcements.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce for early publication: "The House in the Hedge," by Ralph Henry Barbour; "When Mother Lets Us Play," by Angela M. Keyes; "Philistine and Genius," by Boris Sidis, and "When the Red Gods Call," by Beatrice Grimshaw, a romance of life in savage New Guinea.

"The Miller of Old Church" is the title of Ellen Glasgow's forthcoming novel, which Doubleday, Page & Co. will have ready the last of the month.

"Ara and Mawrus," a new volume of Potash and Perlmutter stories by Montague Glass, will be brought out by the same house in the autumn.

Two of the large national associations of the summer—the National Sunday School Association and the National Educational Association—will meet in San Francisco, the first in late June, the other in early July.

Smith & Elder are adding a new volume to the Historical Series for Bible Students, "Biblical Geography and History."

The advanced state of "The Oxford English Dictionary" has made the publication possible of "The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English," adapted by H. W. Fowler and F. G. Fowler from the greater work. Messrs. Fowler are the authors of "The King's English." In this "Concise Dictionary" they have given a large amount of space to common words, making copious use of illustrative sentences; all uncommon words have been treated as briefly as possible, and colloquial, facetious, slang, and vulgar expressions have been admitted with freedom.

The celebration of the centenary of Théophile Gautier's birth has been started in Paris by an exhibition, in the *vestibule d'honneur* of the Bibliothèque Nationale, of original editions of his works, a number of portraits of him, and caricatures.

In the dispatches from Rome, the announcement is made that the Vatican has placed a ban on Antonio Fogazzaro's last book, "Lella," putting it with all of D'Annunzio's books, on the Index Expurgatorius.

Duffield & Co. have published a little volume on "Auction Bridge," compiled by Annie Blanche Shelby.

In the *Nation* of April 6 we printed a letter from Andrew Lang, which discussed the problems raised in Dr. Henry Jackson's "About Edwin Drood." The little book itself, printed at the Cambridge University Press, now comes to us from G. P. Putnam's Sons.

With the spring and early summer come the guide books, not least welcome among them the newly edited Baedeker's. The latest volume to be revised and augmented is "The Eastern Alps," which is now imported by Scribners in the twelfth edition, dated 1911.

Dr. George Kerachensteiner's essay, "Education for Citizenship," which won the

prize offered in 1900 by a German educational society for the best essay on "How are our young men, from the time of leaving the elementary school until the time of entering service, to be educated for citizenship," has been translated, and is now issued by the Commercial Club of Chicago.

Macbain's "Etymological Dictionary of the Gaelic Language," which is now out of print, twelve years after its original edition, is to be reissued, with the author's corrections and additions, by Eneas Mackay of Stirling, Scotland.

In her preface to the volume of Stevenson miscellany entitled "Lay Morals" (Scribner), Mrs. Stevenson has a vivid account of the circumstances in which R. L. Stevenson wrote his open letter on Father Damien, one of the papers in the present volume. It was at Apia that Stevenson first heard of the attack on the memory of a man whom he held in reverence as a saint. But it was not till he arrived at Sydney that the full text of the letter came into his hands. "I shall never forget," says Mrs. Stevenson, "my husband's ferocity of indignation, his leaping stride as he paced the room holding the offending papers at arm's length before his eyes, that burned and sparkled with a peculiar flashing light. . . . In another moment he disappeared through the doorway, and I could hear him, in his own room, pulling his chair to the table, and the sound of his inkstand being dragged towards him." That afternoon Stevenson read to his assembled family the defence of Father Damien "while it was still red-hot from his indignant soul." The next day an eminent lawyer was consulted, more from curiosity than for any other reason. The lawyer was at first inclined to be jocular. He began by asking: "Have you called him a hell-hound or an atheist? Otherwise there is no libel." But when he looked over the manuscript his countenance changed. "This is a serious affair," he said. "However, no one will publish it for you." He was right. No one dared touch the pamphlet. Stevenson hired a printer by the day and the work was rushed through. Mrs. Stevenson, her son, and her daughter then set to work addressing the pamphlets, which were scattered far and wide. The paper was published with almost no change or revision. This Stevenson later regarded as a mistake.

In the preface of his "A Poet's Anthology of Poems" (Baker & Taylor), Alfred Noyes eulogizes poetry eloquently. His words take the form of an argument to prove that art alone can reveal to mankind the universal harmony. The following passage is typical of his method and manner:

The poet begins, as it were, from the centre of things, while the philosopher works from the outer circumference along his particular radius towards the centre where all philosophies and sciences will one day meet. The poet's mind, looking outward from that central security, sees the whole world coördinated and linked in harmony, sees that you cannot pluck a flower "without troubling of a star."

Selections are grouped into nine topics, such, for instance, as The Sweet o' the Year, A Joy Forever, etc., and when he desires the compiler does not hesitate to include poems of such considerable length as "Pippa Passes."

Internal evidence suggests that in his newest book, "Mental Efficiency, and Other Hints to Men and Women" (Doran), Arnold Bennett has gathered together early sketches, written—was it for the ladies' weekly of which he has told us that he was once editor? The inference is tempting. It would explain what otherwise might appear to be a certain fussiness of thought. Yet ideas there are from cover to cover, and it is abundantly clear that the author has got his mind to the point (which he recommends for every one) where it works habitually. Moreover, Mr. Bennett is human, has common sense, and is always sincere. As in "The Human Machine," he appears to be preoccupied with the claims of the mind as opposed to those of the body. At the outset should be stated what is not revealed in so many words until the end of the book—Mr. Bennett is a mental scientist. He may speak for himself:

I say to my mind: "Mind, concentrate your powers upon the full realization of the facts that I, your master, am immortal and beyond the reach of accidents." And my mind, knowing by this time that I am a hard master, obediently does so. Am I, a portion of the Infinite Force that existed billions of years ago, and which will exist billions of years hence, going to allow myself to be worried by any terrestrial, physical or mental event? I am not. As for the vicissitudes of my body, that servant of my servant, it had better keep its place, and not make too much fuss. Not that any fuss occurring in either of these outward envelopes of the eternal me could really disturb me. The eternal is calm; it has the best reason for being so.

A week-end in the country leaves him shocked at the "gigantic debauch of the muscles on every side." "Poor withering mind!" I thought. 'Cricket, and football, and boating, and golf, and tennis have their seasons, but not thou!'

Fully aware that irritation is the fruitful mother of prejudice, we nevertheless confess to an intense irritation against Archibald Henderson's "Mark Twain" (Stokes). We are irritated at seeing a slender volume of two hundred odd pages partitioned off ponderously into separate books, such as the Man, the Works, the World-Wide Genius, and the Philosopher and Moralist; not to mention the introduction and the appendix. We are irritated at seeing the opportunities for repetition offered by this method completely utilized by Mr. Henderson. We are irritated at the whole procedure of analyzing the "philosophy" of a man like Mark Twain. At college, of course, we all learned from Friedrich Paulsen's book that every man has his philosophy; but that does not mean that the philosophies of nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand call for profound investigation. Mark Twain was an eminently simple person, with the honest likes and dislikes of the ordinary simple, honest citizen. Furthermore, he was a humorist; and what profit is there in trying to analyze the *Weltanschauung* of humorists? Since the beginning of time, their outlook and their business have been always the same: to concentrate on the incongruities of life, to administer a flip to the fool, and a thwack to the hypocrite, and to say aloud under the immunity of the jester's license what most honest people think in their hearts. Gifted with laughter, and crowned with a vast popularity, Mark Twain was in a position to say the many



and the courageous word of criticism on many subjects of contemporary interest. But that is what the tribe has been doing since Aristophanes, and that is why the "philosophy" of Mark Twain irritates us. Furthermore, we are irritated at the whole business of writing books so soon after the death of a man, who, during his lifetime, was so enormously paragraphed and estimated that virtually no material has been left for the definitive historian. Mr. Henderson's book is a case in point. It adds nothing to what has already been said about Mark Twain, with the possible exception of the story regarding the true origin of the famous nom-de-guerre. Mark Twain's fame abroad is also dwelt upon to an unusual length, and we are supplied with an impressive list of presumably every European publication in which anybody has said anything about the man; but the value of such a compilation is not quite clear.

At his examination after the deed Ravalliac stoutly maintained that he had assassinated Henry IV wholly on his own initiative and for religious reasons. Even under torture and in his last moments, when his hand was about to be plunged into boiling sulphur and oil and his flesh torn with red-hot pincers and seared with molten lead, he refused to reveal the name of any accomplices. "I alone conceived the deed." And yet, shortly afterwards, certain persons swore that he was merely the hired agent in a great plot and that he really had behind him such great accomplices as the Duc d'Epemon and other persons of high rank. Here was an historical problem which long puzzled historians: Did Ravalliac have accomplices or not? Michelet and the older historians before his day were generally inclined to the opinion that he did. In "The Fate of Henry of Navarre" (Lane), John Bloundelle-Burton, who is already known in England for some historical romances in the style of Dumas, has now essayed this problem. His method is one which is always effective with the uninitiated. He represents the opinion of Michelet and older historians which may be nearly half a century or more out of date as the opinion of historians of today. This gives him a man of straw whom he may demolish anew. One would gather from his own self-appreciative remarks that he is the first that ever offered a satisfactory solution to this problem. Nearly forty years ago, however, Jules Loiseleur proved fairly conclusively the curious fact that at the moment when Ravalliac was acting on his own initiative without accomplices there was another conspiracy by persons of rank to have the King murdered. The plots of Ravalliac and of these conspirators moved parallel toward the same end, but did not touch each other at any point. Ravalliac was unconsciously serving the purpose of others of whom he knew nothing. Michelet and the older writers made the mistake of confounding in one too quite separate plots. This is also Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's conclusion, though he makes no allusion to M. Loiseleur's valuable and interesting study. His volume, with many illustrations, may delight the reader of romances, but not the serious historian.

Among the fifteen children of that virtuous royal couple, King George III and Queen Charlotte, the youngest and best be-

loved was Amelia. But the good morals of the parents did not descend to all the children, and gossip has sometimes sullied the memory of Princess Amelia with scandalous tales which would have been more likely to be true of some of her less innocent brothers and sisters. In "The Romance of the Princess Amelia" (Lane), a sound and interesting volume based on Amelia's letters and other hitherto unpublished contemporary material, W. S. Child-Pemberton shows it to be quite true that she fell deeply in love with Gen. Charles FitzRoy. He was a handsome, well-meaning, and honorable man some twenty years her senior, whom the King had assigned to her as an attendant. She was secretly betrothed to him, and even signed her letters "Your affectionate wife and darling" and "A. M. F." (Amelia FitzRoy). But as he was beneath her in rank she refrained from marrying him either secretly or openly, for fear of incurring the King's displeasure and augmenting the mental malady with which his later years were clouded. She did hope to marry him after her father's death, but ten years before that event, when she was scarcely twenty-seven, her own frail life was cut short. From her letters it would appear that her attachment to FitzRoy was of a pure, romantic type, like that of Evelina and other heroines of her childhood friend Fanny Burney.

In most studies of present-day criminal procedure in England, the main attention is naturally given to the working of the Assize Courts and the King's Bench. But the administration of justice in the Petty Sessions, though much less prominent, comes more closely in touch with the daily life of the multitude, and equally deserves the notice of the sociologist if not of the professional lawyer. "A Middlesex Magistrate" has just written an unpretentious little book, entitled "The Justice of the Peace and His Functions" (London: J. M. Dent & Sons), which gives a valuable account of the part that these courts of summary jurisdiction play in the English system. Written in order to place at the disposal of new magistrates the results of several years' experience on the local bench, it is of interest to a much larger circle of readers. It makes no attempt to compete with formal legal treatises, but fills a gap in the existing literature of the subject by describing in a graphic, untechnical style the every-day duties of a modern J. P. in a populous district. After reminding us in his introduction that "in England, almost alone among civilized countries, the great bulk of minor judiciary work is done by amateurs, without cost to the state," the writer takes us to a Petty Sessions Court, and sets before us typical samples of the miscellaneous business that comes before the magistrates. We are told that the Home Office is more keenly alive than the magistrates themselves to the importance of using the principle of discrimination to check the spread of criminal tendencies. The local benches, it appears, neglect very largely to recognize their power of separating offenders of "fair" character into a separate division from those labelled "bad." Not the least useful sections of the book are those in which the author, travelling somewhat beyond his main purpose, comments critically on certain of the laws he is required

to administer. For example, his experience has left him with grave doubts of the wisdom of the present method of settling matrimonial difficulties by the granting of "separation orders." "No part of a justice's work," he tells us, "gives him greater pain, causes more perplexity, or burdens his mind with sadder misgivings," and "try as he may, he can rarely convince himself that he has done more than a partial good, and that at the cost, very likely, of a fully counterbalancing harm."

Sidney Gillespie Ashmore, for thirty years professor of Latin at Union College, died last Monday, at the age of fifty-nine. He was a member of several learned societies, was the author of "The Classics and Modern Training," and had edited the comedies of Terence.

The death is reported of Prof. William Scharling, aged seventy-three, one of the leading economists of Denmark, and for a number of years finance minister. He was the author of several economic and financial works.

Prof. Hans Reidelbach, whose death in his sixty-fifth year is announced from Munich, wrote on the history of Bavaria and the Wittelsbachs.

Prof. Konrad Varrentrapp, an historian of note, died recently at Marburg, aged sixty-six. He was the author of a number of important works, among them: "Erzbischof Christian I von Mainz," "Hermann von Wied," and "Einleitung zu Sybels Vorträgen und Abhandlungen."

## Science

*Le Ciel et l'Atmosphère.* By L. Houllévigie. Paris: A. Colin, 3.50 francs.

This little book, with a rather general title and without journalistic relief of style, conveys in its seven consecutive essays the substance of some of the most important conclusions of recent science. The author, a professor of physics in the French University, is already favorably known by a work of similar popularization, "L'Evolution des sciences." He chooses questions of actual interest as measured, not by material profits, but by the enlargement of scientific truth. First, the earth in the universe as now known shows the turning of science from the old idea of an "interplanetary void" to that of space filled with unceasing life, in which gravitation alone remains unexplained by any working hypothesis. Next follow the principles of meteorology; weather prevision; the flight of birds; the synthesis of light, explained like magnetism by electricity—*l'éther en acte*—with gravitation still outside the scientific harmony wrought by the labors of Clerk Maxwell and Hertz; wireless telegraphy; polar auroras; comets; shooting stars; and—how a world ends.

These last pages are of intense interest to those who, with Herbert Spencer, have accepted undoubtedly the mathematical conclusions of Clausius concern-

ing the dissipation of energy and the ultimate death of the universe, whole and entire, in a final condensation of its matter in an inert and cold uniformity without movement or difference of temperature or any life-giving electric current. Professor Houllevigue, for whom "doubt gnaws at faith, but nourishes science," claims "a right to distrust somewhat all such generalizations," appealing to the latest epoch-making work, "Thermodynamique et chimie" of Duham; to Clerk Maxwell's demonstration that thermodynamics leads to absurd results when applied to atoms; and to the corresponding probability that its principles are equally non-applicable to the universe as a whole, for reasons which our minds cannot grasp since all our reasonings deal with more finite things. More germane still to science as now understood are certain newly discovered facts requiring some other theory as a working hypothesis: "The apparition of new stars, no matter what interpretation we give them, is one of these facts; we are forced to acknowledge that, at certain points of the universe, radiating centres of energy come into being; the universe grows old here only to grow young there—and it is possible that it endures so eternally." This conclusion is not vastly different from that of an ancient sage, with a more restricted vision of the universe, who judged from such facts as the "wind whirleth about continually and returneth again according to his circuits," that "the earth abideth for ever," and "the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be."

Little, Brown & Co. are now publishing Lombroso's "Crime, its Causes and Remedies," the third volume in the modern criminal science series.

The Century Co. promises to have ready this month "Principles of Physics," a textbook for elementary classes, by Prof. William Francis Magie.

R. C. Punnett has revised his treatise on "Mendelism," which will be issued this week by Macmillan.

Samuel Scudder, who died suddenly at his home in Cambridge, on Wednesday of last week, was a naturalist of wide reputation. He was born in Boston in 1837; he graduated from Williams College in 1857, later receiving a degree from the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard. For two years he assisted Louis Agassiz; later he was assistant librarian of Harvard University, and was palaeontologist of the United States Geological Survey. Among his most important works are those on butterflies.

Mrs. Williamina P. Fleming, famous astronomer and curator of astronomical records at Harvard, died last Sunday in a Boston hospital. She was born in Dundee, Scotland, in 1857, and gained her reputation through the way in which she handled the astronomical photographs at Harvard. Several years ago she discovered the spectrum of a meteor. It appeared on a plate exposed at Arequipa on June 18, 1897, which was forwarded to Harvard. Mrs. Fleming

found a second similar spectrum in 1902. She was an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society (London) and an honorary associate in astronomy at Wellesley College.

The death is reported of Robert Service of Dumfries, aged fifty-six one of the best-known ornithologists of Scotland.

Prof. Thomas Rupert Jones, who died recently, was a member of the English Geological Society, and has written nearly two hundred papers on geology and palaeontology.

## Drama

The multiplication of independent theatrical associations continues, but the sum of their artistic product is not great. The Pioneer Players of London have just given their first performance at the Kingsway Theatre, but do not appear to have achieved anything remarkable. Three pieces were played. In the first, "Jack and Jill and a Friend," by Cicely Hamilton, a husband and a wife, both secret contestants in the same literary competition, are introduced. The wife wins the prize and the husband, in his chagrin, makes a sad exhibition of himself. There is a pretty scene of reconciliation in which, after self-abasement, he is forgiven. In the second, "The First Actress," the author, Christopher St. John, with a fine disregard for dates, assigns the quarrel between Sir Charles Sedley and the actor Kynaston as the cause of the first appearance of an actress upon the English stage. To this actress is revealed a vision of her more or less illustrious successors, from Nell Gwynne to Mrs. Siddons, who, on this occasion, were impersonated by Ellen Terry and other popular actresses, whose appearance, of course, insured the success of the trifle. The third play, "In the Workhouse," by Margaret Wynne Nevinson, was supposed to occur in a maternity ward, where the regulations of the establishment are discussed by the patients who agree, apparently, that the illegitimate mothers have greater privilege than the married women. The dramatic value of all this is not clear.

At the recent annual meeting of the trustees and guardians of Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford-upon-Avon, Sidney Lee, the chairman, said that the increase of public interest in the birthplace and the other possessions of the trustees in the last thirty years was startling. Thirty years ago 12,000 to 13,000 visitors annually were the utmost hoped for. In 1888 their predecessors thought they were rich beyond the dreams of avarice when the receipts amounted to £700. To-day the visitors numbered almost 50,000, and their fees totalled £2,500. The trustees never were in a better financial position than at present. Space had hitherto been lacking for an improved classification and distribution of their exhibits. They were about to provide in the reconstructed custodian's cottage not only a storehouse for rejected exhibits, but a strong-room for deeds and manuscripts, and a library and working room for students, whom, with due precaution, they wished to encourage to inspect their books and papers. The trustees had already approved plans for greatly enlarging

the portions of the New Place premises devoted to public uses, and in due time they hoped to set up there a museum which should be instructive in local history, while satisfying those conditions of Shakespearean interest which their act imposed on them.

Herbert Trench has decided to begin his autumn season at the London Haymarket Theatre with a production of Ibsen's "The Pretenders." Meanwhile Rudolf Besler's comedy, "Lady Patricia," is still running successfully, after passing its fiftieth representation. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is said to be seen to peculiar advantage in this play.

Ethel Irving, who occupies a very high place among the younger English actresses, has started for Australia. She will make her first appearance there in Melbourne in June. Her plays include "The Witness for the Defence," Pinero's "His House in Order," Sir W. S. Gilbert's "Comedy and Tragedy," "Dame Nature," and "Lady Frederick."

There was a crowded audience in His Majesty's Theatre, London, to witness the farewell performance of "Hamlet," given by H. B. Irving on the eve of his departure for Australia. There is a general consensus among the critics that Mr. Irving's impersonation of the Prince is growing steadily in eloquence, variety, subtlety, and power. In a speech from the stage he said that Sir Herbert Tree had asked him to undertake the character of Richard III in the Shakespearean festival at His Majesty's Theatre, but that his engagements had prevented him from availing himself of the offer. F. R. Benson will be his substitute.

It is reported that Giovanni Grasso, the Sicilian actor, is studying English, with a view to the performance of the part of Othello in the language of Shakespeare. He has already in London played the character in Italian, but the critics there seemed to think that his impersonation was more remarkable for its physical prowess than for any subtle or noble quality.

Among the sensational pieces affected by the Grand Guignol in Paris was one called "Dichotomy," which seems to have been as full of malignant libels upon the medical profession as "The Doctor's Dilemma" of George Bernard Shaw. At all events, both surgeons and physicians resented it mightily. It represented physicians as conspiring with surgeons to bring about fatal operations in order to share the fees. A protest was sent to the management of the theatre without effect. Then all the medical men who attended officially the Grand Guignol resigned, and the Society of Theatre Doctors forbade any of its members to take their places. The point of this boycott is that the Paris police regulations will not permit theatrical representations to be given unless a properly certificated doctor is in attendance.

The Italian government has bought up the remainder of the collection of pictures and other objects relating to the history of the theatre, the formation of which was begun by Jules Sambon forty years ago, and which recently was offered for sale. According to the Paris *Temps*, the collection, which includes about 1,600 articles, many of which possess artistic as well as historical interest, is to form the nucleus of a mu-



seum that is to be installed in the Scala Theatre at Milan.

## Music

### WAGNER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

*Mein Leben.* Von Richard Wagner. Munich: F. Bruckmann; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.

High-tide has set in again in the publication of Wagneriana. Glasenapp, the official biographer, has just completed his sixth and last volume. Of Wagner's letters to his publishers two volumes have been issued recently; a third is to follow; and on top of these comes the most important of all documents relating to him, his autobiography in two volumes, comprising 886 pages. It is by no means the first book in which he has taken the world into his full confidence. The first of the ten volumes of his prose writings and dramatic poems begins with a sketch of his life, written originally for a German magazine, and covering the first twenty-nine years of his life, up to 1842. In 1851 he issued an elaborate "Communication to My Friends" in which he gave further information regarding his career, personal and artistic. Several other papers in these ten volumes it was originally intended to incorporate in the final story of his life; and in addition to these there are about a dozen volumes of his letters to divers friends, in which he nearly always talks about himself and his projects—unlike his principal correspondent, Liszt, who, in his letters, usually (often rather provokingly) talks about other people and their affairs.

The great autobiography, to which the simple title "*Mein Leben*" has been given, was begun at the suggestion of the King of Bavaria, who wrote to Wagner, in 1865, after reading the autobiographical sketch already referred to:

You would give men indescribable pleasure if you would prepare a detailed account of your mental development as well as of the external incidents of your life. May I hope that you will do me this favor?

In the following summer Wagner began to dictate the story of his life to his friend Cosima, the daughter of Liszt, who at that time was still married to Hans von Bülow. The divorce came in 1869, and the following year Cosima was married to Wagner. During four years leisure moments were devoted to the autobiography; in 1871 two volumes were printed at Basel; the third was put into type at Bayreuth. The printing of this manuscript was one of those extravagances which Wagner permitted himself at times when he happened to have money—sometimes also when he happened to have none. Only half-a-dozen copies were struck off, and these were given to intimate friends, on the understanding that the pages were

strictly for their private perusal only. Republication for the world at large was not to come to pass till years after his death, "in case," as he says in the brief preface, "our descendants should still be interested in these things."

Inasmuch as some queer things have been done in Bayreuth in the way of editing Wagner documents, the fear has been repeatedly expressed that when these memoirs were at last given to the world they would be marred by omissions, or changes made by Wagner's widow; but the existence of the volumes printed forty years ago would have made any tampering easy of detection. It was doubtless at Frau Cosima's desire that little is said about herself. There is a great deal, on the other hand, about her predecessor, Minna Planer, whom Wagner very foolishly married in 1836. It has long been known that this pretty actress was a young woman of far from exemplary moral character, but the revelations made in these pages, with brutal frankness and amazing details, of her persistent misconduct both before and after marriage (she had an illegitimate child at the age of seventeen), make it quite incomprehensible why he ever wedded her, or why he refrained from getting a divorce. That it was hard to get along with him, he does not deny. Quarrels were of daily occurrence, during the courtship period as well as afterward. The most violent of these altercations, in which the two hurled the most offensive epithets at each other, occurred while they were waiting for the parson to tie the knot. Had he come a few minutes later, it would never have been tied, for they were on the point of separating forever. During the three years of starvation and disappointment in Paris they became really attached to each other, and their separation did not come till after her furious and entirely uncalled for outbursts of jealousy in the Wesendonck house—outbursts which now, after one has read the story of her career as an actress, seem the more extraordinary, but which Wagner, in these pages, seeks to palliate on the ground of morbid excitability due to her growing heart-trouble.

There is hardly a phase in his career, up to his departure for Munich to join his royal patron, on which a number of interesting new details are not given in these memoirs. They are fullest, perhaps, in regard to his childhood and youth, and some of the most amusing stories relate to his juvenile attempts to write poetry; an uncle, who at first encouraged him, was finally appalled at the results. His mother was distressed because over such pursuits he neglected his studies—once he did not enter the schoolhouse for six months. No less ludicrous than his poems were his first musical experiments—he gives some amusing instances. Oddly enough, he was the only member of the family who

did not have piano lessons; so he tried to learn by himself, chiefly in order to be able to play the overture to the "*Freischütz*." Weber's romantic opera was the first deep impression of his life—an impression which decided his whole career. With Beethoven's music he first became acquainted on the day of that composer's death. He was urged, since he showed a preference for music, to choose an instrument and become a virtuoso; but he emphatically declared that he desired to be a composer, not a player.

Concerning his student days at the university we learn for the first time a number of surprising details. At one time he was booked for several duels with skilled swordsmen, for whom he was no match; but in each case an accident to his opponent came to his rescue. He took to gambling with the same energy and thoroughness that characterized all his doings. One night he had in his pocket his mother's pension money, all of which he lost; and although, with his own last thaler, he won it all back, the fright cured him, and he never gambled again. Like other students, he had his love affairs; about several of them he gives curious details which indicate that romantic love-making was not one of the arts included in his repertory.

The bulk of "*Mein Leben*" is devoted to a narrative of the ill-luck which pursued its author, through the greater part of his career, because of his unfortunate determination to be a composer. Spontini warned him against the folly of such an ambition, since he himself had virtually "exhausted all operative possibilities"; but that was after Wagner had already perpetrated a few trifles like "*Rienzi*," "*The Flying Dutchman*," and "*Tannhäuser*." Some of the most graphic pages in these volumes are devoted to a description of the four weeks' voyage on a sailing vessel from a little Prussian seaport to London. Had it not been for their Newfoundland dog, he and his wife would have taken the stage coach to Paris; so it is to Robber that the world is indebted for the marine color in the "*Flying Dutchman*," the music of which was at that time germinating in Wagner's mind. The theme of the sailors' chorus was suggested to him by the actual song of the mariners as echoed from the steep granite walls of a Norwegian fjord; and there are many other realistic details that were suggested on this stormy trip, on which shipwreck was more than once narrowly averted.

Vivid details, not a few of them new, are given of the wretched years spent in Paris in the hope of gaining a musical footing. One of the many devices to which Wagner resorted in order to earn money was the writing of arias to be inserted in Italian operas by popular singers. With one of these, intended for

"Norma" (and evidently lost), he called on Lablache, who praised it highly, but declared it would not do to sing it in an opera so familiar to the public. The eminent Pauline Viardot sang some of his own French songs for him—but not for the public. One point which Wagner's biographers have overlooked, but which he himself realized to his embarrassment on several occasions, was that he actually had little worth while to offer till toward the end of his sojourn in Paris, when he completed "Rienzi" and composed the "Flying Dutchman." By that time he had become thoroughly disillusioned, perceiving that the only hope for him lay in a return to Germany. Quite new to the experts in Wagnerian lore is the intimation that, contrary to their belief, Wagner's mind was not greatly influenced by what he heard and saw in the Parisian theatres. "I do not think that during the whole time of our sojourn in Paris I went to the Grand Opéra more than four times," he writes, adding that the Opéra Comique also had repelled him from the beginning; and when tickets were sent him for the Théâtre Français, he returned them, to his wife's great distress.

Sixty years ago, when Wagner went from Paris to Dresden, it took five days to make the trip. Matters operative were nearly as primitive, and thus it happened that though he won a great triumph with "Rienzi," his subsequent, more Wagnerian, "Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser" were understood by few, partly because of inadequate performance. "Lohengrin" was altogether out of the question. The Dresdeners had no more conception of the greatness of the man they were harboring than the Leipzigers had had of Bach's importance, or the Viennese of Mozart's. The situation is more graphically described in "Mein Leben" than anywhere else, and the pages on the political uprising in which Wagner took part are really exciting, the story of how he escaped arrest and imprisonment being told here for the first time circumstantially and accurately. It was a very narrow escape—a fortunate accident—which his companions did not share.

The autobiography ceases with the year 1864, when King Ludwig became Wagner's generous protector. It is said that its continuation was one of his plans for the year in which he died. Possibly his widow has written about the last eighteen years of his life—the Nibelung treasures stored at Bayreuth seem to be inexhaustible. At all events, "Mein Leben," though a torso, takes its place at once among the world's great autobiographies. There are not a few dull pages in it, with details of no particular value to the world at large, but these are more than counterbalanced by many other pages of absorbing interest; and of one thing the reader may always

feel sure—that no fiction is mixed with the truth. The author tells a plain tale, sparing himself no more than others when occasion for censure arrives. He gives glimpses into the workshop of his genius and throws a flood of light on the musical conditions of his time in most European countries; and finally, what many readers will relish most, there are many comments on great musicians who befriended or opposed him—Liszt, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Franz, Bülow, Saint-Saëns, and a host of others. Perhaps the most amusing of all the new details is that when he had parts of his "Meistersinger" score written out for a concert to be given in Vienna, one of the copyists was—Johannes Brahms!

#### MAHLER AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

Anton Seidl was forty-eight years old when he passed away, and on Friday of last week the cable brought the sad news that his pupil and successor, Gustav Mahler, has died only three years older. He was both a creator and a conductor, and it was this dual capacity, combined with his pronounced individuality, that put a special stamp on everything he did. Wagner said of Liszt that when he played he did not simply perform the music, but re-created it. In the same way, Mahler re-created whatever he interpreted. He made a Bach suite a sensation of the musical season; he conducted the "Flying Dutchman" overture so that one could smell the salt breezes of the stormy sea and hear the whistling of the wind in the masts; he made Beethoven's hackneyed symphonies seem new, and was the first conductor who revealed the full grandeur of the funeral march in the "Eroica"; and he brought out all that is best in the works of the contemporary German composers, notably his friend Richard Strauss.

It so happened that on the very day when Mahler died came the official announcement of the engagement of his successor. The situation was a peculiarly difficult one for the directors and sponsors of the Philharmonic Society. Up to the time when Mahler's illness assumed an acute form, it had been hoped that he would return for another year. The differences between him and those at the head of affairs have been grossly exaggerated; there were mistakes on both sides; he had been too much interfered with, but he also had done some very queer things in his nervous excitement; yet all that had been smoothed over and the contract was ready for him to sign. Now it must be remembered that when the Philharmonic was reorganized and made into the semblance of a "permanent" orchestra playing or rehearsing daily, the funds raised for covering the inevitably heavy deficits sufficed for three years only. What will

happen after next season no one knows. It is inconceivable that in this wealthy city, where so much is done for music, the oldest and best orchestra should be allowed to disappear; but owing to the uncertainty referred to it was not possible to get one of the "star" conductors.

Under the circumstances, the Philharmonic directors doubtless acted wisely in engaging a young man who, while not yet named among what are facetiously called "prima donna conductors," nevertheless has made an honorable record for himself. Josef Stransky, a Bohemian of not quite forty years, is one of the best-known orchestral and operatic conductors in Berlin, and there are not a few who regard him as the coming conductor—an interpreter of the emotional Seidl-Mahler type. While he is unknown here, it must be borne in mind that Anton Seidl also was known to few when Edmund Stanton engaged him for the Metropolitan. If he has merits, they will be promptly recognized by the public; but he must be prepared to be violently assaulted by a certain journalistic faction—the faction which, in the interest of rival institutions, helped to undermine the health of both Seidl and Mahler by the persistent shooting of those poisoned arrows from which even such burly giants as Wagner and Liszt suffered agonies, and which hastened the death of the invalid Grieg.

Professor Britan of Bates College attempts to show the relation of music to the other arts, and to make a systematic analysis of the principles of musical aesthetics in a book to be published by the Longmans this month, under the title, "The Philosophy of Music."

Boston hopes to receive a visit from Debussy next season, when his "Pelléas et Mélisande" will be produced by Manager Russell. An attempt is being made also to obtain Mme. Carré for the part of Mélisande.

Humperdinck has finished the stage music to Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird." It will have its first hearing in Vienna. In the meantime his "Königskinder" remains the favorite of the day in Germany, and he will soon be able to build himself another castle on the Rhine.

At this summer's Bayreuth Festival "Parsifal" will be performed with an entirely new setting. The decorations for Klingsor's flower garden have been designed by Siegfried Wagner, who, by the way, is the subject of a biography of above four hundred pages, recently written by Glasenapp, the official Bayreuth biographer.

Gustav Mahler, late conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, died in Vienna last Thursday, after an illness which had prostrated him for the past eight weeks. He was born in 1860 at Kalischt in Bohemia; was educated at the gymnasium at Iglau, at Prague, at the University of Vienna, and at the conservatory of that city. After holding a number of smaller positions, he became Seidl's successor at Prague in 1885. In 1886 he went to Leipzig as Ni-



Kisch's assistant; in 1888 he directed the opera at Pesth. For the six years following 1890, he was at Hamburg, going in 1897 to direct the Hofoper in Vienna, and to succeed Hans Richter as conductor of the Philharmonic concerts there. He remained in Vienna until 1907, when he came to New York, first as conductor of the Metropolitan Opera. In 1909-10 he became head of the Philharmonic Society. Gustav Mahler was equally well known as a composer.

## Art

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, May 15.

The Royal Academy has opened with the usual ceremony and noise. Royalty has visited it. Society has inaugurated the season officially at its private view. Princes and ministers of state have gravely discoursed of national affairs at its annual banquet. And again one asks the usual "Why?" No event could be of less real importance, no exhibition of less real interest. Far more astonishing even than the seriousness with which it continues to be accepted, is its fidelity to its old standards. Within the last few years many Academicians of the older generation have died; many younger men the Academy long ignored have been elected. And yet there is no perceptible change in the character of the exhibition. One reason, no doubt, is the abominable hanging. Despite the example set by other galleries, the hanging committee persists in piling the pictures one above the other as high as they will go, without an inch of space between, and in grouping them so as to produce the most hopeless discord. But unintelligent hanging alone does not seem sufficient to account for the unvarying mediocrity of the collection and commonplace of the walls.

Since last year, John Lavery, C. H. Shannon, and Mark Fisher have become Associates—painters whose reputations have been made at the International and the New English Art Club, the two societies supposed to be the most "advanced" in the country. But this spring C. H. Shannon does not show at all, and the others, though they do show, succeed so poorly in making themselves felt as a new and fresh influence that, as most people agree, the Academy has seldom been so colorless and seldom contained so little work of distinction, if I except Sargent's *Armageddon*. Sargent always gives an impression of power and knowledge at the Academy, where rarely is there any one to compete with him, and this huge lunette is designed in heroic proportions and with a boldness and vigor of which the British painter of to-day seems incapable. Exactly where it is to go in the Boston Library I do not know, and before it is set up in the place for which it is

intended, I should hesitate to pronounce an opinion. Hung like a picture at the Academy, the composition seems to lose in rhythm and harmony what it gains in force and movement. Men and horses, chariot and tripod, hurling through space, are painted with the mastery, the certainty that make it always a pleasure to turn to Sargent's work from the feeble fumbings and hesitations of most of the exhibitors. But these sprawling figures, violent in action and foreshortening, are without the repose, the serenity, essential in mural decoration; nor do the spots of red in the bloodstains and the crimson in the drapery explain themselves as part of the color scheme, though they may when the design is seen, not isolated as now, but as one of a series. A big exhibition is a test to which no such large decorative work should be submitted, in fairness to itself. Sargent, we have all heard, has decided to paint no more portraits; but this year he has broken away from his decision and sends one portrait, of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It does not, however, suggest enthusiasm as his reason for changing his mind. The archbishop sits in white official robes, a touch of red in the hood of his gown, in the background a few books with passages of gold in the bindings, beautifully indicated. It is almost needless to say, Sargent being the painter, that the head is solidly modelled and the plane of the face well expressed, and that there is at least a semblance of life. But the painter seems to have worked with a curious lack of interest that naturally fails to rouse interest in others. On the same walls Sargent has before now exhibited much more distinguished portraits. He shows, besides, a *Waterfall*, put down with dash and brilliancy, but little more than a sketch on an unnecessarily large scale, and a small *Loggia*, a good study which many painters could have done as well.

After Sargent, Lavery is the most conspicuous exhibitor, chiefly because his *Amazon* is painted on an immense stretch of canvas and hung at the end of the second room, where the visitor must see it at once on beginning the round of the galleries. The girl in wide-brimmed hat, holding a tall lance, and seated on a white horse, is the sole figure in a large empty landscape under a wide, clouded sky. Horse and rider make a sculpturesque silhouette against this simple background. But to the silhouette everything is sacrificed. Little character is in the figure, and little but paint in sky and landscape. When the world's great equestrian portraits are remembered, it seems merely a sensational bit of scene painting, though, to tell the truth, one which few other Academicians could have dared or accomplished, and it has the sense of design so wanting in Lavery's *Pavlova*

now at the International. It is easy to foresee for it a successful passage through the big exhibitions of Europe, and no doubt America, and the ultimate fate of many more notable "pictures of the year." It enables Lavery to make a striking first appearance as Associate in a more than usually dull Academy.

If this huge picture can hardly be called a portrait, neither can many canvases that do not pretend to be anything else. Portraits of magnificently gowned women by Academicians like the President, Poynter, and Frank Dicksee, seem but tediously elaborated still-lives. The camera would make as much of the personality of Admiral Lord Fisher or Kitchener of Khartum as Herkomer or John Collier, whose realism rises scarcely above the photographer's. Fashion seems to be gradually blinding J. J. Shannon to character in his sitters. Indeed, the only portraits that interested me at all are two by Orpen and one by G. A. Storey, an elderly Associate whose work does not often call for a second glance. But his small portrait of his father reading, which must have been done many years ago, either was his unexpected masterpiece, or else time has endeavored to turn it into one. Certainly, it has the dignity and tone and breadth for which the work of his generation of Academicians was not famous. Orpen's portraits probably gain from being seen at the Academy; in finer collections they might be passed by more readily. In both, the arrangement has evidently been of most importance to him, the model a mere excuse for it. His *Man in Black*, a three-quarter length, standing, in long dark overcoat and loose thick gloves, makes an amusing pattern on the canvas to which, rather than to any realization of character, the effect of animation is due. For that matter, in the face, character is exaggerated into caricature. But the amusing pose is the rare exception at the Academy, and so also is any sign of that pleasure in the mere handling of paint which Orpen apparently has taken in modelling the face and the hands in their loose thick gloves. In his other portrait, *Claude E. S. Bishop, Esq.*, the figure, a full-length, is seated, the character is not so exaggerated, and the arrangement is less in line than in color—in the gray-green of coat and trousers against the silver-gray of the curtains. The only other portrait that tells at all on the overlaid walls is one of the *Abbé Pichot* by Frank Craig, and it tells not so much because of its accomplishment as because the painter has fallen too obviously into the danger from which Orpen just escapes. Character in the spare, black-robed figure standing against a low-toned background and in the lean, sharp-featured face is emphasized until it seems nothing but caricature, which draws attention to it by its very exaggerations, and which the

seriousness, almost delicacy, of the treatment does not justify.

The large sentimental and allegorical anecdotes, of which the Academy as a rule is lavish, are in an unlooked-for minority. No "problem picture" this year gathers the crowd. That only the occasional foreigner breaks the British monotony is more in accordance with Academic tradition. Dagnan-Bouveret's *Ophelia* and a portrait by Laszlo are almost the only foreign contributions. Nor are there any large panels for decoration, such as Abbey sometimes sends, while Brangwyn, whose big designs and splotches of color are usually a brilliant oasis in the Academic desert of dullness, is also among the absent. The landscapes lose in distinction and interest in proportion to the size of the canvas they cover. The panoramic stretch of country by Alfred Parsons, the almost architectural compositions of Alfred East, the busy views of Magglore by David Murray, seem artificial and labored when compared with smaller and quieter pastorals that have to be sought for in the mosaic of canvases. This, however, does not apply to Bertram Priestman's one landscape. It is on a large scale, but, his eyes opened by the beauty other men have revealed in their impressions of the modern world of work, he has learned that factories and railways may be to the artist to-day what tales of saints and miracles were to the early Italian. In his *Outskirts of a Northern City*, he gives not only the richness of the English country in the meadows of the foreground where cows are at pasture, but the drama of labor in the city beyond, with its forest of chimneys sending up their clouds of smoke and veiling the distance with mystery. He has never done anything at once so true, so dignified, and so dramatic. Arnesby Brown is another landscape man who has taken a distinct step in advance. On his canvas the procession of *The Drove* homeward, across the bare flat road under a big open sky, becomes almost epic; and he has managed to look for himself at the works of Battersea from the Chelsea shore on a breezy, brilliant March morning, though this view is one which few painters can look at now and forget Whistler and the night to which he consecrated it. That it is wise for painters to avoid the difficulties which night presents, even if Whistler has pointed out the way to conquer them, is proved by the failure of George Clausen's attempt to record an impression *From My Windows* in the *Small Hours*. He simply succeeds in missing the poetry and the mystery. This, a portrait of Harrison Townsend, and the head of a girl suggest that he is trying to break away from his old subjects. But it is when he keeps to them, as in *Propping the Rick*; a *Stormy Day*, that he is best. There is repetition in it—in the action of the men at

work in the foreground, in the rolling country under a clouded sky, and the play of light and shadow over it—these are things he has done again and again—and repetition may lead to mannerism and barrenness; the reason perhaps for his experiments with other themes. Edward Stott returns to his Scriptural motives of the last few years, and his tranquil landscapes do not gain by it. His laborers and cottagers belonged to the fields and downs, the villages and lanes he loved to paint. But Hagar and Ishmael, as he tells their story, are scarcely more than a concession to public taste. The little figures, subordinated to the landscape, are indifferently realized and break in meaninglessly upon the solemnity of the sad gray wilderness under a sad sky from which the last gold is fading as the evening star rises above the horizon. It is the same with the picture he calls *Her Thoughts Were Her Children*, the composition borrowed from the old Italian groups of the Blessed Virgin, the Infant Jesus, and the little St. John. The figures in this case are more important than the landscape and fill the foreground, but the interest is really in the beautiful, tender pale sky.

Here and there a few other paintings may be noted. Adrian Stokes has felt, and shown, the color and splendor of the Alps in autumn. It has been left for a woman, Laura Knight, to attempt a big Salon subject on a fairly big Salon scale, and her *Daughters of the Sun*, nude or semi-nude figures on the seashore, is her tribute to Sorolla and other painters of open-air effects whom she has attentively studied, and a proof of her energy in tackling a large canvas such as the average woman painter cannot boast of. Val Havers, whose name is new to me, endeavors, on the contrary, to escape from exhibition standards and models by showing what he calls frankly *Living Room Pictures*: a group dancing or a little landscape in flat colors against a flat gray background; in which he seeks the repose that once, before the days of the big exhibition, was thought a desirable quality in a painting. The endeavor is to be commended, even if the achievement it promises is yet to come. A ring of little Cupids dancing around a Crab Apple Tree under a clear, luminous sky, by Charles Sims, is not without fantastic charm, and has also the merit of repose. But for this quality no other picture in the collection appealed to me so directly and delightfully as J. H. Lorimer's *Room at Twilight*. It is of the simplest: a corner of a room, with nothing in it save a small dinner-table on which one or two plates and two candles burning dimly under dim shades are set, a white parrot on a perch, a vague cat curled up on a window seat, and a window looking out upon an empty green lawn and line of blue water beyond, as dimly lit

as the shadowy interior. But the spirit of the hour is in the effect of light, the harmony in gray and white is carried out with rare delicacy and charm, and, above all, the picture has the unity the old Dutch masters understood how to give to just such simple subjects.

In the water-color room at the Academy, I confess my courage deserts me. Small drawings fitted in on the wall as relentlessly, and piled up as high, are more depressing than big paintings, and I would not venture to speak of work which, under the conditions, I cannot see. Masterpieces may abound, but so long as they remain part of this bewildering mosaic, they are lost to the world. The black-and-white room is not so crowded, chiefly because most of the men who are doing the best work have long since ceased to send prints and drawings to an exhibition where they are so little appreciated. Frank Short, the newly elected Engraver Academician, has a mezzotint after Watts's portrait of Tennyson, and Cameron, the newly elected Engraver Associate, has two prints to which the chief centre is devoted. There is little else to say. It is not at Burlington House one learns anything about the movements and developments of the day. The sculpture is as colorless as the painting; it is hard to understand why the shadow of royalty hangs heavily over it and portraits of the late King and the present King and Queen are many. A few busts here and there, more particularly those by Derwent Wood, show a little character. But the large monuments and statues call for no special description and inspire no special enthusiasm. N. N.

Jacques Reich has issued a second etching of Lincoln, which, in our opinion, is not nearly so good as the first one. The head is not so well modelled, and there is less personality in the face. Both appear to be etched from photographs taken at the same time. The remark in the new etching, formed of sketches of the heads of Lincoln's generals, and of some of his Cabinet, is not an improvement.

Frederick Porter Vinton, the portrait painter, died at his home in Boston last Sunday. He was born in Bangor, Me., sixty-five years ago. His skill as a painter became apparent when he was a mere boy. His first instruction in art was at the Lowell Institute, and in 1875 he went to Paris, where he worked for a year in the painting school of Léon Bonnat. Later he studied at Munich, and then returned again to Paris, where, in 1877, one of his paintings was admitted to the Salon. In 1879 he returned to Boston, where he opened a studio and began his career as a portrait painter. In 1882 Mr. Vinton was elected an associate of the National Academy, and nine years later was chosen academician. He was also a member of the Society of American Artists.

Etienne Joannon, who died recently at the age of fifty-three, was a member of the Société des Artistes Français, and was



a native of Lyons. He won medals at the Salon in 1892 and in 1900.

## Finance

### AFTER THE STANDARD OIL DECISION.

A wholly impartial witness of the public's reception of last week's news from Washington—the familiar Man from Mars, for instance—would have found some difficulty in piecing together his impressions. If acquainted with the older traditions of our race, he would possibly have assumed that the Standard Oil had been placed as a burnt-offering on the public altar, and that every one thereafter believed the angry god to be appeased.

Something of the perplexity of the Man from Mars has been reflected in the comment of casual observers on the stock market's action since the Supreme Court decision. The Standard Oil Company had been unequivocally declared illegal. The court had unanimously declared that the great industrial combination had been convicted of intended monopoly and restraint of trade. Its dissolution had been ordered. Yet Wall Street hailed the decision with the utmost enthusiasm. Prices advanced 2 to 6 per cent. in the next three days. Transactions on the Stock Exchange, which had fallen to 106,000 shares a day shortly before the court had announced its verdict, expanded to more than a million shares on the day after that announcement. Organs of the mercantile trade declared, at the end of the week, that "the Supreme Court decision has undoubtedly stimulated business confidence." Cable dispatches quoted even J. P. Morgan, the greatest of all promoters of industrial combinations, as saying in London that "the decision is very satisfactory to me." Most remarkable of all, Standard Oil stock itself, after declining 10 points on the market during the first day after the decision, advanced 30 points in the next four days, actually reaching the highest price since the middle of 1909.

For this somewhat curious sequel the Stock Exchange had its explanation ready. The value of a catching phrase was never better demonstrated than by last week's immense popularity of the explanation that the court had "written 'reasonableness' into the Anti-Trust law." It was not wholly clear just what this signified to the mind of those who used the phrase; but that did not seriously matter. Wall Street is not free from a certain amiable weakness of human nature, which consists in saying things which it does not exactly understand, and in saying them with the greater confidence because it believes that no one will ask it what they mean. There is etiquette in mat-

ters of this sort, which excludes as bad form the insistence, in the midst of a friendly conversation, on clear explanation of such mysterious phrases. The essential point in this case was that the market was going up.

Among those who endeavored to get beyond mere catch-words, there were some who asserted with great indefiniteness that the Chief Justice's Standard Oil opinion, by using such phrases as "determined by the light of reason" and "right to contract, when not unduly or improperly exercised," had somehow or other reversed all previous decisions. But there were others, not less qualified to judge, who retorted that those declarations merely reaffirmed in simple language what had been previously intimated, in general terms in the earlier Supreme Court judgments under the Act of 1890, and with great definiteness in such enunciations as Justice Brewer's Northern Securities opinion of 1904, the Circuit Court's decision of 1909 against the Standard Oil, and Attorney-General Wickersham's brief in the Tobacco case appeal of 1911. As arguments and counter-arguments were gradually sifted out, this second view of the matter seemed to meet general acceptance.

But if the Standard Oil decision reaffirmed the gist or tendency of previous decisions, then why, it may not improperly be asked, should the press, the Stock Exchange, and the business community at large, have hailed with so great enthusiasm these paragraphs of the court opinion? The answer is that a series of utterly wild and extravagant interpretations of the law—representing Congress and the courts as a sort of juggernaut, and making out of sober judicial procedure a nightmare for timid souls—had suddenly lost their hold on the community. The corporation lawyer who brandished the statute in the face of the bewildered Philadelphia bankers at their banquet fifteen months ago, with the stentorian prediction that enforcement of the Sherman act as interpreted by the Government, "would cause a panic compared to which the 'Roosevelt panic' of 1907 would be as a zephyr to a cyclone," fairly embodied this sweet reasonableness of philosophic temper.

People of sense took those absurdities at their proper value; but the business community is not wholly made up of people of sense, and part of its membership is subject, quite as truly as any other collection of human beings, to the habit of believing whatever they hear, if it is only shouted at them loudly enough. The great break in prices during 1910 was not caused by those performances; there were a hundred other and better reasons for it; but certainly the extravagant talk about the Anti-Trust Law could not have helped the situation.

On the whole, it seems reasonably cer-

tain that the spell was broken by Monday's news and the market's reception of it, and that conclusion need not be impaired either by the fact that the fate of the Tobacco combination is not yet decided or by the entering of suit against the lumber combination or by the absence, thus far, of any perceptible revival in general trade. But such a supposition leaves the question open, whether we are to have a movement of trade activity later on, similar to what has occurred this week on the Stock Exchange. The answer may readily be in the affirmative, but with the reservation that an affirmative answer need not say how soon response will come or how emphatic it will be. The reason why it is hardly safe to be specific, in prediction on these points, is that the movement of general trade has other things to think of than decisions of the Supreme Court at Washington. After the "sentimental influence" on which finance and trade had been depending for reversal of an existing situation—an election, as in 1908; a treaty of peace, as in 1905; a tariff vote, as in 1909; a Supreme Court decision, as in 1911—come the plain and everyday practical influences. It is they which, favorably or unfavorably, determine the staying power of such recovery.

There is certainly this much to be said in the present instance—that the self-restraint which American markets (outside of cotton) have exhibited during the past few months is the most favorable omen which could have been desired. For such financial and industrial revival as has lately been witnessed in England, on the European Continent, and in Canada, there must be some cause, and it is impossible to suppose that the cause does not fundamentally apply to our own situation as to theirs. If, indeed, the American markets were confronted with a disordered international trade position, an inadequate bank reserve, a deadlocked bond market, a scale of commodity prices out of touch with the outside world, and with markets already raised on stilts by extravagant use of credit, it would be easy to see why the forward movement in other communities could not extend to ours. But the mere statement of these qualifications is enough to show what the present American position actually is, and what the legitimate basis is for confidence in the future.

### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Abbott, L. America in the Making. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press. \$1.15.  
 Arber, E. A. N. The Natural History of Coal. Putnam.  
 Baedeker. The Mediterranean. Scribner. \$3.60 net.  
 Bangs, J. K. Jack and the Check Book. Harper. \$1 net.  
 Barnes, J. Naval Actions of the War of 1812. Harper. \$2.  
 Barrett, J. The Pan-American Union. Washington, D. C.: Pan-American Union.

- Bonar, J. Disturbing Elements in the Study and Teaching of Political Economy. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. \$1.
- Butler, Sir William. Autobiography. Scribner. \$1 net.
- Capes, B. Gilead Balm: Knight-Errant. Baker & Taylor. \$1.25 net.
- Codman, Mrs. R. An Ardent American. Century. \$1.20 net.
- Comfort, W. L. She Buildeth Her House. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$1.25 net.
- Craven, P. The Rose with a Thorn. Appleton. \$1.25 net.
- Crowe and Cavalcaselle's History of Painting in Italy. Vol. IV. Florentine Masters of the Fifteenth Century. Scribner. \$5 net.
- Derr, C. Z. The Uncaused Being and the Criterion of Truth. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1 net.
- Douglas, N. Siren Land. Dutton: \$2 net.
- Dove, P. E. The Theory of Human Progression. Abridged by J. A. Kellogg. I. H. Blanchard Co.
- Elliott, F. P. The Haunted Pajamas. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.25 net.
- Fairchild, H. P. Greek Immigration to the United States. New Haven: Yale University Press.
- Ferber, E. Dawn O'Hara. Stokes. \$1.25 net.
- Fisher, H. A. L. The Republican Tradition in Europe. Lowell lectures, 1910. Putnam.
- Flandrau, C. M. Prejudices. Appleton. \$1.25 net.
- Fletcher, C. R. L. An Introductory History of England. 2 volumes. Dutton. \$3.50 net.
- Frank, H. Psychic Phenomena, Science and Immortality. Boston: Sherman, French. \$2.25 net.
- Gardner, M. M. Adam Mickiewicz, the National Poet of Poland. Dutton. \$3.50 net.
- Gordon, J. L. The Young Man and His Problems. Funk & Wagnalls. \$1 net.
- Grist, W. A. The Historic Christ in the Faith of To-day. Revell. \$2.50 net.
- Harper's Camping and Scouting: An Outdoor Guide for American Boys. Harper. \$1.75.
- Heckscher, R. V. Through Dust to Light: Poems from an Apprenticeship. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1 net.
- Hillis, N. D. The Contagion of Character. Revell. \$1.20 net.
- Hoffman, F. L. Insurance Science and Economics. Spectator Co. \$3.
- Hope, A. Mrs. Maxon Protests. Harper. \$1.35 net.
- Hudson-Fulton Celebration, 1909, Being the Fourth Annual Report of the Celebration Commission to the Legislature. 2 vols. New York: Hudson-Fulton Celebration Commission.
- Hyatt, S. P. The Law of the Bolo. Boston: Dana, Estes. \$1.35 net.
- Kingsley, R. G. In the Rhône Country. Dutton. \$3 net.
- Larson, C. D. Thinking for Results. Chicago: Progress Company.
- Leaming, T. A Philadelphia Lawyer in the London Courts. Holt.
- Levy, H. Large and Small Holdings: A Study of English Agricultural Economics. Translated by Ruth Kenyon. Putnam.
- Liddell, A. G. C. Notes from the Life of an Ordinary Mortal. Dutton. \$3.50 net.
- Lockwood, L. E., and Kelly, A. R. Letters That Live. Holt. \$1.50 net.
- Luther, M. L. The Sovereign Power. Macmillan. \$1.30 net.
- Lutz, G. L. H. Dawn of the Morning. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$1.25 net.
- Macdonald, L. B. Life in the Making. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1.20 net.
- Matthews, B. A Study of Versification. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25.
- May, F. L. Lyrics from Lotus Lands. Boston: The Poet Lore Co.
- Meyer, K. Selections from Ancient Irish Poetry. Dutton. \$1.25 net.
- Mitchell, S. Weir. John Sherwood, Ironmaster. Century. \$1.20 net.
- Moret, A. In the Time of the Pharaohs. Translated by Mme. Moret. Putnam.
- New York State Museum Bulletin No. 146—Geology of the New York City Aqueduct, 1911. Albany: University of the State of New York.
- Nietzsche, F. The Dionysian Spirit of the Age. Chicago: McClurg. 75 cents net.
- Paterson, W. R. (Benjamin Swift). The Old Dance Master. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1.25 net.
- Porter, E. H. Miss Billy. Boston: Page.
- Read, E. B. Devotional Poems for the Quiet Hour. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1 net.
- Roosevelt, T. Applied Ethics. Being one of the William Helden Noble lectures for 1910. Harvard University.
- Scull, G. H. Lassoing Wild Animals in Africa. Stokes. \$1.25 net.
- Selden Society. Select Cases in the Star Chamber, vol. II. (Vol. 25, 1910). London: Quaritch.
- Songs from the Hill. University of Kansas.
- Stevenson's Treasure Island. Edited, with notes, by F. W. C. Hersey. Boston: Ginn.
- Troly-Curtin, M. Phrynette. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$1.25 net.
- Van Dyke, J. S. Be of Good Cheer. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1 net.
- Wallin, J. E. W. Spelling Efficiency in Relation to Age, Grade, and Sex. Baltimore: Warwick & York.
- Ward, Mrs. W. The Job Secretary. Longmans, Green. \$1.20 net.
- Watson, A. E. T. King Edward VII as a Sportsman. Longmans.
- Wheeler, C. J. A Shorter Course in Woodworking. Putnam.
- Winch, W. H. When Should a Child Begin School? Baltimore: Warwick & York.
- Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture, 1910. Washington.

### Kimball's College Text-book of Physics

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